No. 2421.—Vol. 94.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

October 19, 1907.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER

THE CAMDEN TOWN MURDER MYSTERY.

Of late years, despite the spread of education and the better conditions of life generally, many murders, some of which unfortunately remain mysteries until this day, have thrilled and horrified the public. The most recent of these is the tragedy known as the "Camden Town Murder," Emily Dimmock, a young woman who had passed as the wife of a man named Shaw, being found dead in bed with her throat cut. Since then the police have been hard at work on the case, their efforts culminating in the arrest of a young artist named Wood. At the inquest on Monday several witnesses were called, who threw a fresh light upon the case, and in the end the inquest was adjourned, Wood remaining in custody. 1.—Sir Charles Mathews (in the silk hat), the counsel for the Crown, arrives. 2.—One of the most important witnesses in the case. 3.—Wood (the accused) arriving from Brixton Prison in charge of a warder. 4.—The brother and sister of the dead woman attending the inquest; they are the figures walking towards the camera.

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TO MOTHERS.

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Are We Over-Educated?

FOR.

THE greatest common blessing of the day is education. That is what we are taught to believe. We still talk of educated and uneducated people; of well-educated and badly-educated people; of people of no education and people of education; but we are all "educated." We cannot help ourselves; the whole question is out of our hands, and we are no more free to control the process of education than we are to prevent coal merchants from making fires luxuries for millionaires.

We might reasonably expect that parents should have some right to decide how their children should be educated. Men and women who have proved the value or valuelessness of education in shaping their own lives, ought to be the best judges as to how much or how little their children, who are born into the same station of life, should be taught to fit them to go out into the world. But not a bit of it. Education boards, masters, and inspectors have stepped in to take charge of the young idea, and children are packed with knowledge wholesale, on the sardine principle. The mother who knows ten hundred times better than ten hundred school-inspectors whether her children are strong enough, advanced enough, and in a proper state to attend school, is powerless against the regulations that take little, if any, heed of such considerations. Fathers who have profited by the maxim, "early to work, early to win," must see their boys struggling on at school until a set measure of knowledge has been crammed into them, and they are passed out as guaranteed educated.

HAS OVER-EDUCATION GIVEN US MORE CONTENTED HOMES?

Has it given us boys who are satisfied to do as their fathers did before them, and girls who are not above earning their living, as their mothers earned theirs, in hard-working service? No one can in their hearts gainsay the fact that over-education places children not only above their parents in knowledge, but above their simple views of life. In what proportion do the sons of British working men follow in the footsteps of their fathers, as compared with the days when the three "R's" sufficed for the worker? When the craze for over-education set in we were told that in time things would right themselves. That over-educated, higher-fifth-standard boys and girls would, in time, become the parents of children who would be their equals and not their superiors in education. But this has proved far from the case. The craving for higher, and still higher education is making each generation "better educated" than that which preceded it, and there is never, and never will be, any common feeling in the homes of workers on the question as to when education has gone far enough.

It scarcely needs pointing out that over-education is gradually but surely reducing the labour ranks. The number of boys who are content to do manual work is yearly becoming less; and the majority of lads who come of the working class would rather trundle a tradesman's barrow than carry a hod. From all over the country comes the same complaint: over-education is sending boys and girls flocking to towns and cities, bent on finding city work and city pleasures. The rural life is too dull for their over-educated brains, and country toil too dirty for their over-washed hands. The day will come, and no act can prevent it but a check on over-education, when there will be no "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Over-education is responsible for the national physical deterioration which is one of the gravest threats to the strength of our race. Boys of the present day

NEGLECT THE TRAINING OF THEIR BODIES IN THE EDUCATION OF THEIR MINDS.

Simple manly sports which exercise the limbs are put on one side for recreations which puzzle and give the palm to the sharpest brain. What is the advice which the rich man's doctor gives to the parent of the weakling child? "Let him run wild, and nature will do the rest; time enough for him to think of books when his health has been built up." But there is no such advice possible in the case of the worker, for his child, no matter how frail and in need of no school but that of Nature's teaching, is bound to come under the yoke of education so long as he is well enough to crawl to school.

And what is the mania for over-education leading to in other directions? It has given us "night-schools" to take up the thread of learning dropped by the School Board. It has been calculated that in London alone there are now over three hundred of these brain-sapping institutions, and the number of students has reached 130,000 boys and girls, young men and women. In the case of the latter, the attendance at night-schools means that, after the hours of business are over, when mind and body are alike in need of rest and recreation, evenings must be spent in strenuous class-rooms, poring over books, listening to lectures, and striving to bring fagged brains and dull eyes in train with the view that the one aim and object in life is to be better educated than your neighbour.

AGAINST.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and there is no stronger proof of the soundness of this axiom than the fact that among the most suspicious and most cautious men are those who can neither read nor write. With education comes self-reliance, and a capacity to look upon life frankly and fearlessly, as holding equally to all, those benefits and pleasures which are the sum of a reasonably happy existence.

It has taken us hundreds of years to learn the lesson, but at last we have realised that social difference is to all intents and purposes solely a matter of education. In unregenerate days, when a man thought himself remarkably well equipped for life if he could trail pen across paper and declare the result his signature, he was content to lie where Fate had cast him; he was the flesh-and-bone machine to do so much work for so little pay; he pulled his forelock to his betters, and sat at the bottom of his employer's table, somewhere in the region of the dogs. In those days the word "ambition" had not dawned on the classes who did the work of the land and the drudgery of the towns, because only the "scholar" was looked upon as the man who had any hope of a rise in the world before the Day of Judgment.

Truly those were "unenlightened times," and we have lived through others in which the struggle of man to be better than he was turned out as raw material was but half-hearted and half-hopeful. It was not until those who had the justice to admit that

THE KEY TO SOCIAL PROGRESS IS EDUCATION

gained free schools for this country, that the era of emancipation for the masses set in, and every man God had blessed with a sound brain began to recognise that it was given him for a higher purpose than thinking about his dinner or dulling with drink.

Surely there can be no question as to the value of education in bringing a sounder, brighter, and more prosperous condition of life to the worker. No man could look round him, could peep into the average home of the educated working man and deny that education has not done so much for the general betterment that what we want is more of it, not less. And so it has already proved. Gradually the Board of Education has followed the desire for knowledge. Year by year fresh subjects have been included in the course of Board School education, until now the boy who has passed its highest standard has a start in the world which opens up for him almost every business department in life, and, if the grit is in him, it has whetted his appetite for knowledge, and found him a chance of getting clear away from those conditions of life that are distasteful to educated instincts.

The working man, no matter what his calling, has profited by universal education. It has enabled him to

SEE BEYOND THE WALLS OF THE WORKSHOP,

to keep himself posted in the conditions of employment in every direction, and to take an active, intelligent part in securing himself against any actions that may be prejudicial to the interest of the trade he follows. Those who lead in the world of labour, and who have won themselves the right to represent the people in Parliament, are the striking examples of what is called "over-education." The public position they have gained (whether we like it or whether we do not) is the outcome of pursuing a progressive line of life, that is gaining followers every day. These men have not let their education cease with the knowledge gained during their early schooling. They are among the thousands that have taken advantage of what the London County Council has done, and is still doing, in order to give all the boys and girls in the Metropolitan area the opportunity of "over-educating" themselves.

The Council's evening schools leave hardly an ambition for advancement in life unprovided for, and since the scheme was first started it has been widely taken advantage of by both sexes; it has produced highly-trained craftsmen and craftswomen; it has turned out "over-educated" lads and lasses, who are making something sound and useful of their lives; and it has offered those who formerly spent their evenings in worthless amusements a means of cultivating the acquaintance of the arts and learning a useful accomplishment. The belief that "over-education" is good for the body and good for the mind, that it makes life more profitable as well as more pleasant, has firmly seized hold of the British people. So far so that even if every Board School and technical school in the country were turned into a public Diabolo hall a means would not have been found of crushing the desire for better education which exists even among the humblest classes.

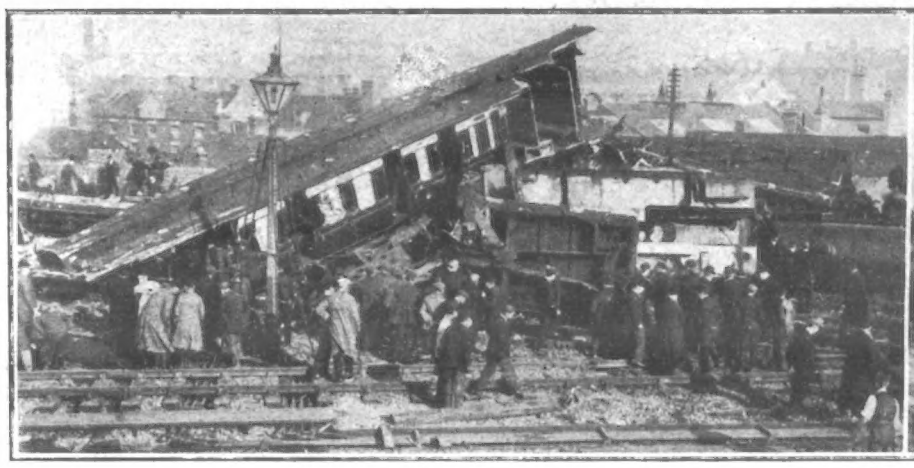
If "over-educating" the working man has made him discontented, it is only because it has found him capable of knowing when he is well and when he is badly off. It has made him a thinker, and to those who do not want to act, the thinker is far from a comfortable person to deal with. "Over-education" will never become a danger to the community so long as the class of men and women it produces are allowed to take the place in the general regard for which they have qualified their brains.

Photo. World's Graphic Press.

THE FUNERAL OF A GREAT JUDGE

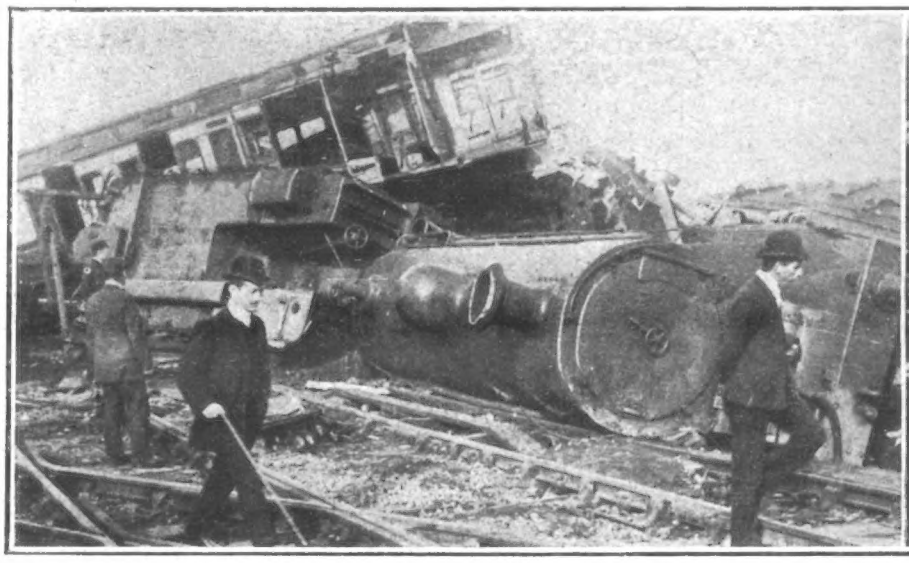
The Requiem Mass being sung at Westminster Cathedral prior to the body being taken to the cemetery.

THE TERRIBLE TRAIN DISASTER AT SHREWSBURY

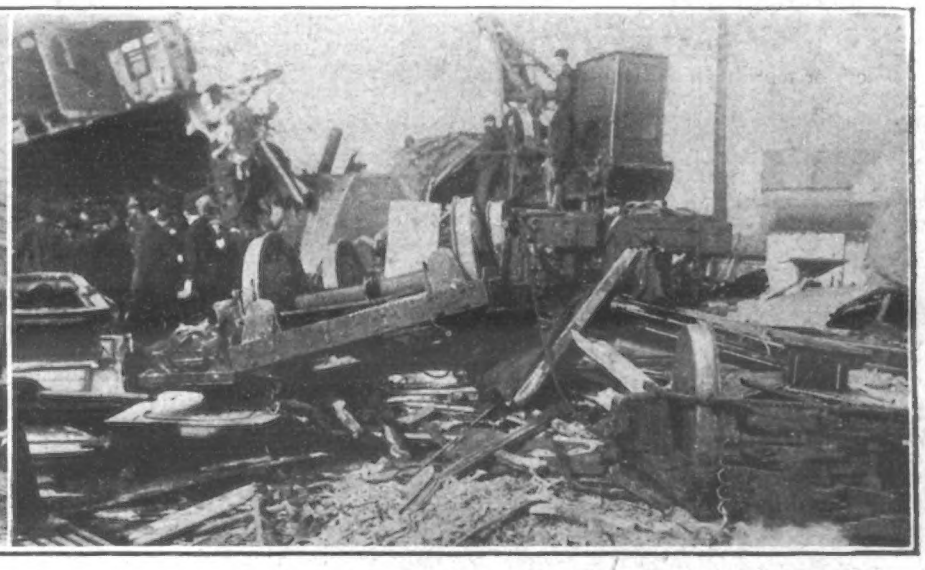


ONE OF THE TERRIBLE SCENES OF DISASTER, SHOWING WRECKED CARRIAGES MOUNTED ON TO EACH OTHER. HARDLY A PIECE OF WOODWORK IS LEFT INTACT.

EYE-WITNESSES STATE THAT THE SCENE OF HORROR WAS INDESCRIBABLE, BUT OUR PHOTO GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE COMPLETENESS OF THE WRECK.



THE WRECKED ENGINE LYING ON ITS SIDE.



A RESCUE GANG LIFTING DEBRIS WITH A CRANE.

SOME OF THE CARRIAGES THAT SUFFERED MOST.

Photos. Topical.

RESCUE PARTIES AT WORK AMONG THE RUINS.

THE "North and West Express," which runs from Crewe, through Shrewsbury, to the West and South of England and Wales, left the rails on Tuesday morning while rounding a sharp curve on a viaduct fifty yards north of the station, and, with the exception of one coach, was reduced to a heap of wreckage.

Following we give the names of the victims so far as they were known up to the time of going to press. There are seventeen dead (a number that may be added to later) and more than forty wounded.

Names of killed—

Driver W. Martin, Crewe;
Fireman Fletcher, Crewe;
Guard Snelgrove, Bristol;
Joseph Davies, Dyffryn Street, Mountain Ash, South Wales;
Francis Hudson, Post Office sorter, Shrewsbury (died in the infirmary this afternoon);
— Welcome, a passenger, address unknown;
Harry Morris, Queen Street, Shrewsbury;
L. D. Bradley, London Road, Shrewsbury;
S. Hodgson, Cherry Orchard, Shrewsbury.

Scene of Horror.

The train was a crowded one, carrying nearly its complement of passengers, and the scene after the smash was terrible, many of the passengers being pinned down under the wreckage.

Screams of dying and injured rang out on all sides, and they could be heard in the houses beneath the viaduct on which the accident occurred.

Torrential rain was falling at the time, and this and the intense darkness added to the dismal horror of the scene.

The work of rescue was commenced at once, but carried forward under great difficulties. Part of the wreckage had to be dragged apart and set on fire in order to give the rescuers light by which to work, and the flames lit up the scene with a weird light.

Breakdown gangs were soon on the spot, and began working frantically, but it was soon seen that they could not make much headway, and more gangs were sent for, adding their efforts to those of the men already on the scene.

The driver and fireman of the train were terribly scalded and otherwise injured, and killed outright. Three sorters in the P.O. van were killed, and two or three dead bodies were recovered from the carriage which mounted the engine. Four or five were also taken out from the wreckage. Twenty of the injured were conveyed to the waiting-rooms, where two or three died as a result of the injuries received.

A Survivor's Story.

A Mr. Tait, who was going to join his ship *Memnon* at Cardiff, says that a porter came rushing along with a lamp crying, "Does anyone know anything about first aid?" "I do," replied Mr. Tait. "Then, for God's sake, come and lend us a hand. There's been an awful smash!" exclaimed the porter. Mr. Tait rushed down, and an awful sight met his gaze.

A Mr. Griesbach says the wreckage was piled up higher than a house. The hissing of escaped steam, mingled with the groans of the injured in the darkness, was fearful. He made an inlet to a carriage with a saw, and got out several women. One man clung to his neck and begged to be helped out.

The Official Account.

"The 1.20 a.m. train from Crewe left the rails, all except the last vehicle. Several coaches were smashed. A number killed. Many injured. Driver and fireman killed. Two breakdown gangs at work. Have sent for another."

At Paddington Station it was stated that the Great Western Railway Company had no interest in the matter beyond the fact that their line was blocked by the debris.

Shrewsbury is a joint station for the L. and N.W. Company and G.W.R. Company, and from it commences a joint piece of line, but the accident happened on the other side of the station.

How It Happened.

Mr. B. Allen, of Liverpool, one of the passengers in the wreck, on his arrival at Cardiff, described his escape as miraculous.

"I don't know how it happened," he said. "All I know is that I was awakened by a terrific crash.

"The blood streamed from my head. My memory is still dazed and imperfect.

"I believe our coach travelled right across the line 50ft. or 60ft. in a sideways direction.

"A bonfire was lighted, so that the work of rescue could be better carried on."

Another Account.

"All went well until we reached just outside Shrewsbury main station, there being, however, unusual jolting, no notice of which was taken.

"I might say that after leaving Crewe I retired to my sleeping compartment, which was in a London and North-Western carriage, situated in about the middle of the train.

"About a quarter past two, when still asleep, I was pitched headlong to ground, my portmanteau coming down heavily on top of me.

"I got up slightly injured, and also suffered from the sudden shock.

"We were then just outside Shrewsbury Station and about eighty yards on the Crewe side of the platform.

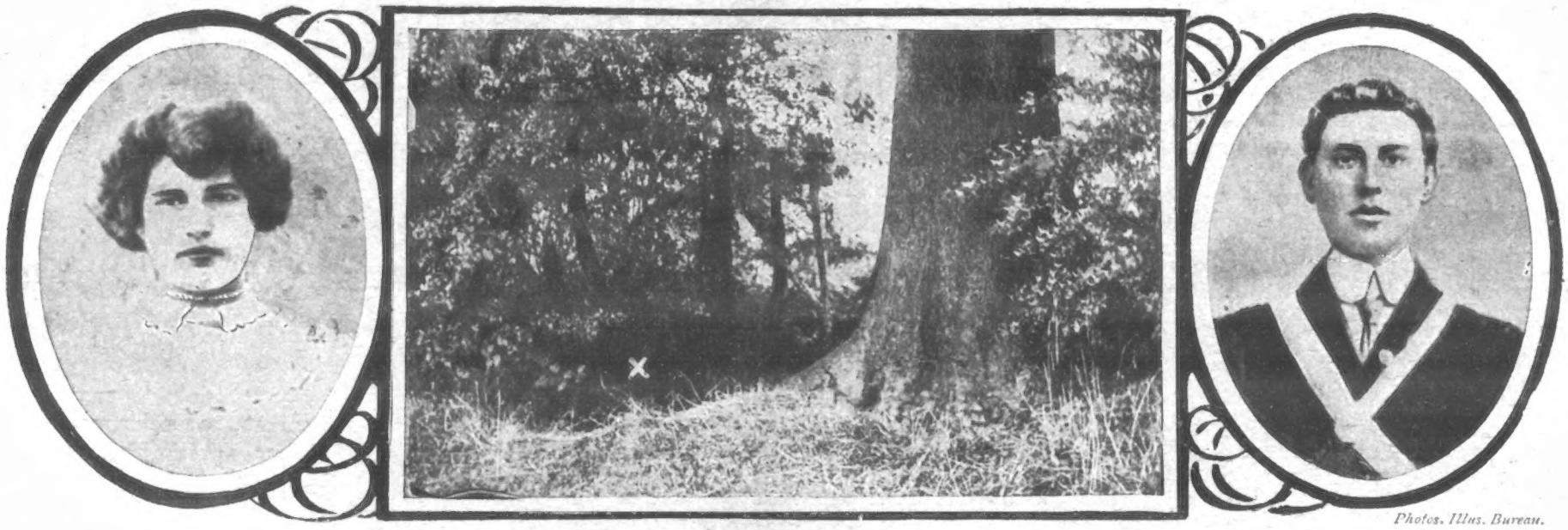
"I could see at once after the coaches had come to a standstill that there had been a disaster, and upon looking out of my carriage, which had been tilted by the sudden stoppage, the scene was appalling.

"The train was a complete wreck, the engine had been overturned, and the carriage next to it was not only telescoped, but had jumped on the engine to a height of some 20 feet.

"The mail sorting-van was completely wrecked, and the carriage behind that was turned over on its side.

"The rear carriage was slightly tilted, whilst a fish van, which brought up the rear, was left in its original position on the rails."

THE STRANGLED SERVANT: THE MURDER AT CROFT.



Photos. Illus. Bureau.

The coroner's jury at Croft, Leicestershire, returned a verdict of wilful murder against Archibald Page, the young collier who, on his own confession, is accused of killing Annie Elizabeth Haines, his sweetheart, by strangling her on the roadside near Croft. The evidence showed that there had been a quarrel between the young couple, while it was also stated that the girl had confided to her uncle that Page once tried to strangle her at Hinckley. Police testimony was given that when Page was brought to Leicester he made a detailed confession. Our photographs show—1. The strangled girl. 2. The scene of the crime. 3. Archibald Page.

DREADNOUGHT'S DEFECTS.

WHY THE WORK OF REPAIR HAS TAKEN SO LONG.

THE alterations to the *Dreadnought's* steering gear and propellers in Portsmouth Dockyard have taken considerably longer than was anticipated, says a writer in the *Star*, partly in consequence of the shortage of dry dock accommodation for the huge battle-ship.

Since she has been in the dockyard a number of minor defects, developed during her recent cruise, have been discovered, and it has been decided to repair these before she goes to sea again. A large staff is being employed, and it is expected that she will be ready for further trials by the end of the present month.

In the meantime preparations are being made for the commencement of the new dock, which it is proposed to construct at Portsmouth to accommodate vessels of the *Dreadnought* type and even larger war-ships. The present largest dock can only be entered with difficulty and at the highest tides.

The total cost of dock and machinery is estimated at one million. The work will take three years.

HUNT FOR HEIRESS.

DISTRESSED PARENTS SPEND HUNDREDS OF POUNDS TO FIND MISSING LOVERS.

MISS HELEN MALONEY, the American heiress to millions, who eloped with Mr. Samuel Clarkson, is still keeping her parents and friends in ignorance of her whereabouts.

Since their arrival by the boat-train at Euston last Friday afternoon, the couple have disappeared as if by magic, but it was rumoured that they had gone direct to Paris.

Hundreds of pounds have been spent by the girl's distressed father and mother in the endeavour to find them. Among the members of her family who are assisting in the search are Mr. and Mrs. William Carberry Ritchie. Mr. Ritchie is a wealthy American lawyer, and Mrs. Ritchie is the runaway girl's only sister. They took the first available boat to England as soon as Mr. Maloney was informed by letter from the girl herself of the elopement, and they are now staying at the Hotel Cecil.

Photo. Topical.

THE HOME OF AN EX-PRINCESS AND HER HUSBAND.

The Villa Beatrice at Florence, where Signor Toselli and his wife (the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony) are staying. This is the only authorised photograph of the happy couple. They can be seen on the verandah.

WINDSOR MURDER: SENTENCE.

AT the Berks Assizes on Monday William Austin, alias Saunders, was found guilty of the murder of Unity Annie Butler, aged thirteen years.

The story of the finding of the child's body under the prisoner's bed at her home in Windsor on July 16 was told, and a letter from the prisoner, in which he confessed the crime to the child's parents, with whom he lodged, was read.

A defence of insanity was put forward, but Austin was sentenced to death.

DOG GIVES ALARM OF FIRE.

AWAKENED by the loud and incessant barking of his dog, a Lavenham (Suffolk) engine-driver looked through his window and saw flames arising from a barn on adjoining premises.

Damage to the extent of over £200 was done, but much more property would have been destroyed but for the dog's sagacity.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

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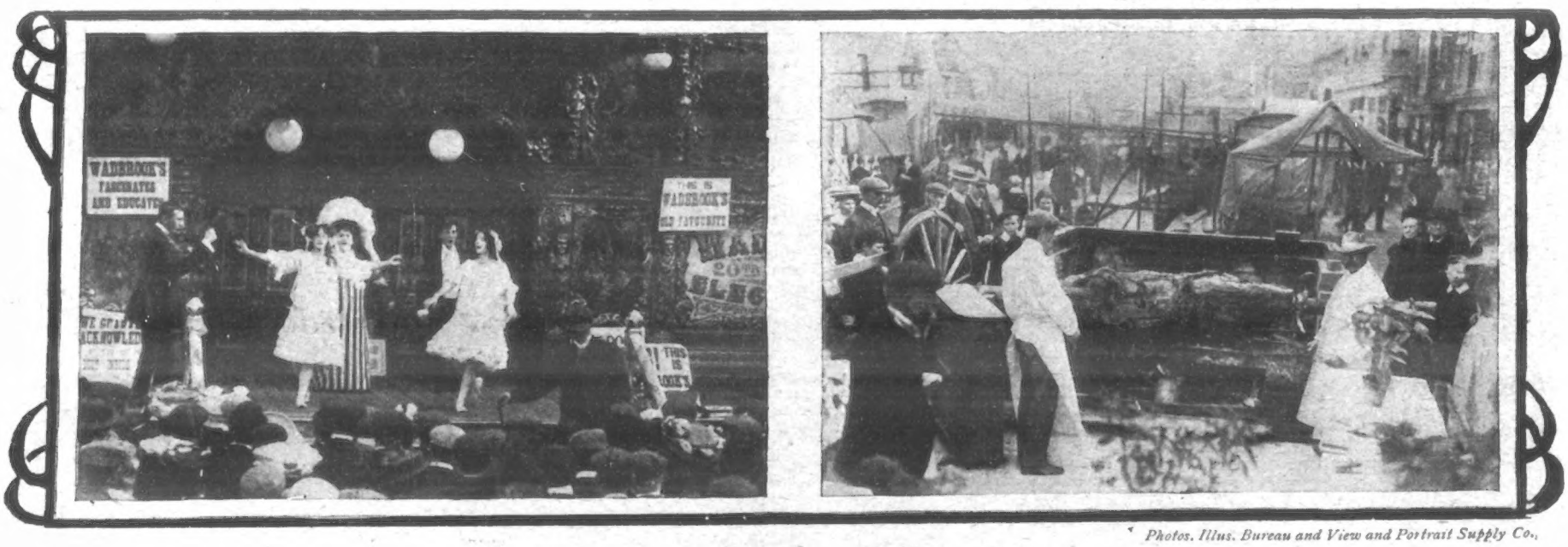


Photos. Illus. Bureau and View and Portrait Supply Co.

THE MOP FAIR AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Besides being the birthplace of Shakspere and the home of Miss Marie Corelli, Stratford-on-Avon is famous for its annual Mop Fair. Our photographs show a very modern side-show and the very ancient custom of roasting an ox in the streets. The meat is sold at sixpence a plate.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

By THE PROMPTER.

MR. Oscar Asche has few equals, and certainly no superiors, as a producer of Shakesperian comedy, and although one can recall quite a number of his artistic productions, I think his latest effort, "As You Like It," at His Majesty's Theatre, is the best thing he has ever done, which, taking into consideration his already magnificent record, is high praise indeed. It is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than the opening scene of the second act; the stage is literally one mass of green foliage, while here and there, through the stately trees, paths are interlaced, and—well—mere words fail one when attempting to describe a setting which must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

***

And how carefully and judiciously has Mr. Asche chosen his cast! Mr. Ainley, for instance, makes an ideal Orlando; Miss Lily Brayton's Rosalind is entirely and altogether excellent, and this beautiful actress may congratulate herself on here having achieved the triumph of her career. Mr. Oscar Asche's Jaques, too, is quite a gem; while Mr. Courtice Pounds — most people, I believe, know him as "Charlie" Pounds—has a part thoroughly to his liking in Touchstone, and there is about his performance a sympathetic wistfulness and a touch of kindly wisdom which raise his work far beyond the ordinary. The first evening you have to spare, you should make a point of going to His Majesty's, for Mr. Asche's production of "As You Like It" is a veritable treat.

***

Mr. Frank Curzon, always enterprising, will, I hear, give a series of matinées at Christmas, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, of "Miss Hook of Holland," interpreted entirely by children. Of course, these days, plays in which youngsters alone figure are no novelty, but "Miss Hook of Holland" seems to me to be an admirable piece for children to "try their hand at." More of this anon.

***

Mlle. Gaby Deslys, the well-known Parisian actress, who scored such a great success as The Charm of Paris in "The New Aladdin," and who is now fulfilling a contract at the Alhambra, was telling me the other day that what has struck her most about English manners and customs is, as she puts it, "your English politeness." "The English politeness," she told me, "to me it seems it is so thoughtful, dignified, and calm; and the English politeness it is everything that is necessary, and at the same moment it is not, as you say, 'overdone.' Now, the Frenchman, his manners, too, are very polished; but to me it has seemed more than once that he has the inclination to be too polite, and he has the appearance often of too much bows and gesticulations. So it is not the wonder that I once saw this, what you call incident, in Paris. A certain French Count, he had but just returned from the luncheon, and the domestique, the servant, do tell him that a lady have the wish to converse with him on the telephone. 'Bon jour, good afternoon, Madame,' he said. 'Yes, yes, I shall be very happy to come—good-day,' and, raising his hat with the other hand, he made a most polite bow to the lady the other end of the telephone. It is amusing, is it not? You laugh, it is well; so do I."

***

Seemingly, the Diabolo craze has "caught on" in no half-hearted manner in theatrical circles, for, the other evening, when business took me behind the scenes at the Aldwych Theatre I espied several beautiful ladies located there "diaboling" with extreme vigour during the waits. Mr. Seymour Hicks, however, tells me that it is not true that he is about to issue a challenge to the boy champion.

***

Playgoers will be glad to hear that the indefatigable Mr. George Edwardes has returned from a recent trip to Carlsbad, where he has been taking the waters, feeling "as fit as a fiddle." If any man in the world deserves a holiday, surely it is Mr. Edwardes, who, during the day, gets through a positively terrific amount of work.

***

What curious letters people do write to actresses sometimes! The other evening Miss Gertie Millar was showing me a most interesting communication she received not long ago, which seems to go to prove that admirers of stage favourites are nothing if not exacting in their demands. "Dear Miss Millar," the epistle in question runs, "Why on earth don't you always part your hair in the same way? I really do dislike not knowing how to expect to see your hair done next."

***

Julius and Agnes Zancig, whose wonderful telepathic feats at the Alhambra so completely mystified London, tell me that they have had a most successful tour in the Provinces. "I cannot understand why people should treat our performance with such scepticism," Mr. Zancig remarked to me when I met him in Leicester Square a few days ago, "for surely there is nothing very peculiar in two people being so much in sympathy with each other that the one can devine the other's thoughts. Thus, to cite the case of myself and my wife. We have been married for just over nineteen years, and during the whole of that time never once have we left each other, even for a single meal. My worries and troubles are as of great moment to my wife as her own; my wife's trials are to me as important as are my own; my wishes are those of my life's partner; my life's partner's amusements appeal to me as strongly as do my own. In short, between us there is a perfect understanding, a perfect bond of sympathy. If only people would take the trouble to cultivate that bond of sympathy they could soon learn to perform feats similar to our own." This, I think, is particularly interesting news, but, all the same there are obvious drawbacks to universal mental telegraphy.

***

Mr. Roland Carse, the well-known lyric writer, writes me that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of his latest book, "The Monarchs of Merry England," for the royal children.

***

Miss Lena Ashwell has, I learn, acquired the English rights in an American play, "Clothes," by Messrs. Hopwood and Pollock.

***

A certain popular actress has to thank Mr. Warwick Wright, the famous racing motorist of "Minerva" fame, for extricating her from an unpleasant predicament recently. Owing to more encores than usual in the particular piece in which she was playing, she missed her last train to the country, where she was going to spend the week-end, and when I passed Charing Cross with Mr. Wright I saw her disconsolately standing at the door of the ticket office, wondering whether she should, or should not, charter a special train.

***

"I don't think I should worry about hiring any trains," said Mr. Wright, when I explained the difficulty, "for I have a car outside which is a bit quicker than ever any train knew how to be." And in less time than it takes to write it, the now smiling lady, a big trunk, and your humble servant, were gliding through the fast-emptying streets on a sweet-running six-cylinder Minerva. The distance we had to go was just over seventy miles, but I will refrain from saying how long it took us, lest these notes should reach the wary eye of some "gentleman in blue" with a partiality for working out mathematical problems based on time and distance.

***

The beautiful Scala Theatre will reopen on Oct. 26, or thereabouts, with a new play, entitled "Stemming the Stream." This will be found a domestic drama in four acts; the scenes are laid "Islington way."

***

M. Beketow's Russian Circus, which opened at Hengler's on Saturday evening, is really a wonderful show which should draw all London for many months to come. The stud of over one hundred trained horses is in itself worth a special visit; but what impressed me most about the performance was the varied character of the turns. Such extensive alterations have taken place at Hengler's that the house has undergone a veritable transformation. It is now one of the most comfortable and well-lighted places of amusement in London.

***

Those who like thrills should make a point of going to see the Four Lepicqs at Beketow's Russian Circus at Hengler's. The feats these marvellous aerial gymnasts perform, simply take your breath away, and the risks they run in mid-air almost incline one to believe that they must have as many lives as a cat. A wonderful "turn" this—you must not miss it.

PEACE.

Miss Zena Dare in "The Gay Gordons," at the Aldwych Theatre.

Photos. Foulsham and Banfield.

ANGER.

Miss Zena Dare in "The Gay Gordons," at the Aldwych Theatre.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

"THE SECRET FEAR."

IN a recent issue of a well-known London publication, a writer deals with the "secret fear" of getting fat, which possesses every woman at some period or other of her existence. "None of them escapes," says he. "Be they never so sane, sooner or later the shadow becomes substance, and they succumb. They see a stout woman in the street, and suddenly see themselves getting stout like her. With a shudder, they determine to starve—and do so, until their dresses require to be altered. Such is the feminine fear of getting fat."

How this dread of the "Bogey Embonpoint" preys upon the minds of many women – and not a few men - we all know. But it is amazing that with such a reliable and pleasant and harmless treatment as the Antipon treatment ready to hand so many stout persons should allow the tendency to get fat—the tendency which, in fact, constitutes the disease of obesity - to get a grip upon the constitution. The old - fashioned remedies and treatments for obesity never destroyed that tendency, however much the partial starvation and dangerous mineral drugging they generally entailed may have reduced the weight. A few rational, satisfying meals taken, and the fatty excess would show prompt signs of re-development. Now, Antipon, without the aid of drugs, and without any unpleasant dietary limitations, does most undoubtedly eradicate the distressing tendency to run to fat, whilst at the same time rapidly reducing the excessive avoirdupois. Wholesome food without stint is an essential part of the Antipon treatment. For this reason strength and vitality gradually return with every day's treatment. When correct natural proportions are restored the cure may be regarded as absolutely permanent, and the subject is thoroughly healthy, full of energy and life, the skin clear, and the complexion radiant with health.

Antipon possesses great tonic properties, having an especially beneficial effect upon the digestive system. It gives a keen appetite and promotes digestion and assimilation, so that nutrition is perfect. The blood, enriched by plenty of wholesome, well-digested food, is free from the floating fatty matter which, in cases of obesity, is deposited in the muscular fibre, rendering the limbs and muscles flabby and unshapely. Antipon, so to speak, rebuilds the whole body on lines of beauty and grace, and on the foundation of health and strength. Altogether the treatment is unique, and hundreds of grateful men and women have given voluntary testimony to its remarkable fat-absorbent and health-restoring virtues. These letters of thanks and praise may be seen by anyone so disposed at the offices of the Antipon Company.

The "secret fear" of getting fat is generally prompted by æsthetic considerations, and the danger to health – and even to life itself, sometimes – is little dreamt of. But the danger is no less real, owing to the excess of fat which clogs the vital organs and hinders their free, healthy action. This internal excess of fatty matter is all eliminated by Antipon, and the consequent effect on the general health is supreme. Palpitation of the heart ceases, and breathing becomes easy.

Antipon is a refreshing liquid, containing no trace of any mineral substance. It can be taken at any hour, and never produces any unpleasant after-effects.

"The Penny Illustrated Paper" in a recent issue, says:—

FAT AT FORTY: WHY?

"Simply because there is a tendency, especially with women, to put on flesh with the approach of middle age, and also because proper measures are not always taken to prevent that tendency becoming obstinate. To a large percentage of persons the Antipon treatment will suggest itself, for on every side one hears of the wonderful cures effected by that rational and truly scientific régime; but there are too many persons who have lost heart through having pinned their faith to some method or other which, in the end, has proved a worse evil than the disease itself. Let these persons take heart again, and give Antipon a trial. A single bottle will at least prove its potency, both as a fat-absorbent and a tonic of a high order; and if this small experiment induces the subject to continue the pleasant, simple, and harmless treatment, he (or she) will never have cause for regret. Antipon restores beauty of figure and correct weight when all other remedies have proved useless as lasting cures. Unlike these mere temporary reducers of weight at the expense of health, Antipon destroys the tendency to grow fat, and increases strength at the same time. No foolish dietary restrictions are imposed."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in case of difficulty, may be obtained (on remitting amount), carriage paid, in private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar St., London, S.E.

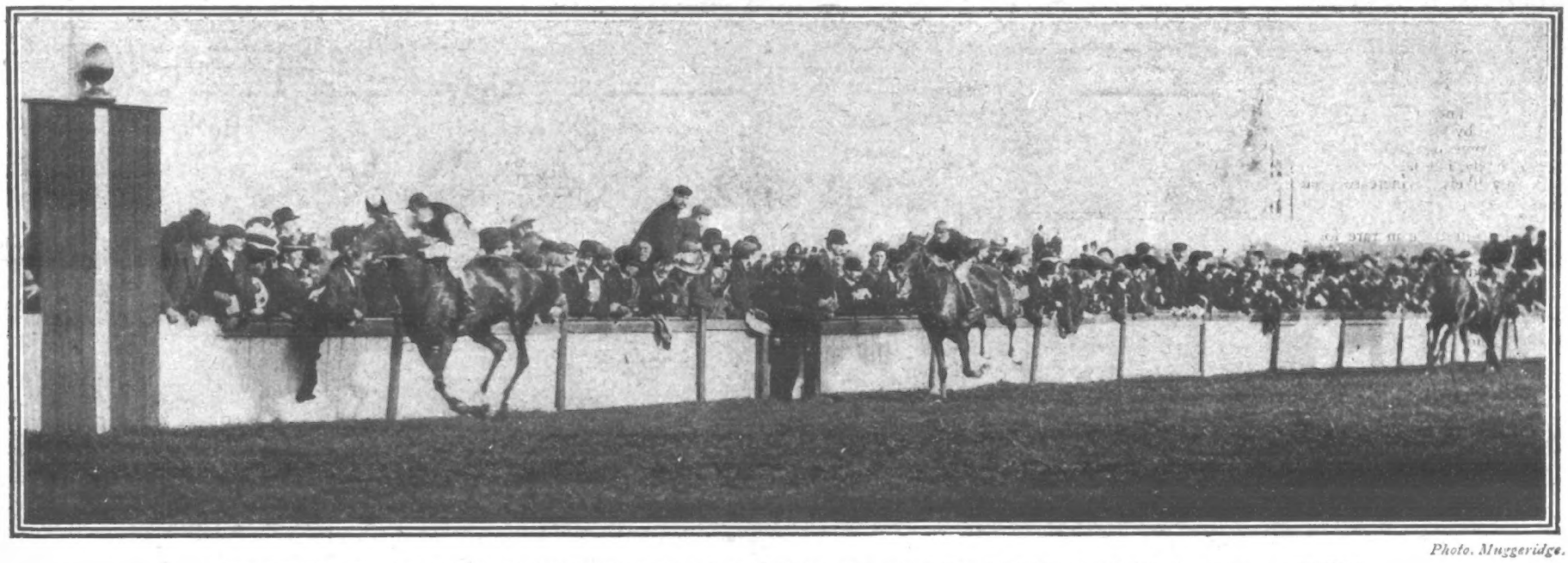


Photo. Muggeridge.

THE FINISH OF THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES AT KEMPTON: MR. GOLLAN'S TIRARA LANDING A 20 TO 1 CHANCE.

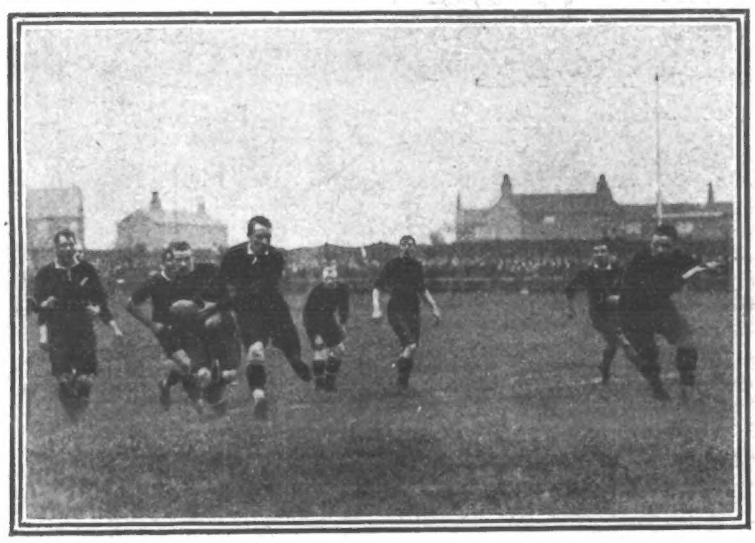
THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

BOTH the great Universities have thrown in their lot with the Amateur Football Association—a fact which immensely strengthens the hand of the new organisation. Cambridge set the lead; Oxford followed on Monday evening at their meeting at Oriel College. As the Rugby Union are in sympathy with the A.F.A. the recent action of the Scottish Football Association only causes one pang—the prevention of meetings between the Corinthians and Queen's Park. I am glad to see that the amateurs insist on their "rights," and flout the term "status."

To all right-thinking men in the Association world a reconciliation between the parent body and the A.F.A. is the best way of mending the "split." Why should there be any bad blood? If the amateurs wish to keep aloof from the professionals in government, why force their hands? The professionals themselves do not, as a rule, desire to hobnob with the general body of amateurs. Off the field they cannot do as the amateurs do, and ninety-nine per cent. of them do not care a rap for legislation except so far as it affects the laws of the game, or, more important to them still, the £ s. d. side of the question.

League football form was rather puzzling last Saturday, and one result that caused no little surprise, but not a little pleasure to Southerners, was the excellent win of Woolwich Arsenal over Aston Villa on the latter's ground. The Arsenal have had rather a bad passage so far this season, though in some of their matches they have had to take the field with a weakened team. Still, they have regained some of their laurels by their victory over the famous Birmingham club by one goal to nil, and the change of fortune should spur them on to better things.



NEW ZEALAND v. BRAMLEY.
The All Blacks make a fine run. They won by 25 points to 6.

H. H. MESSENGER,
Who is said to be one of the finest place-kickers living.

NEW ZEALAND v. BRAMLEY.
All Blacks No. 2 enter the field chanting their war-cry.

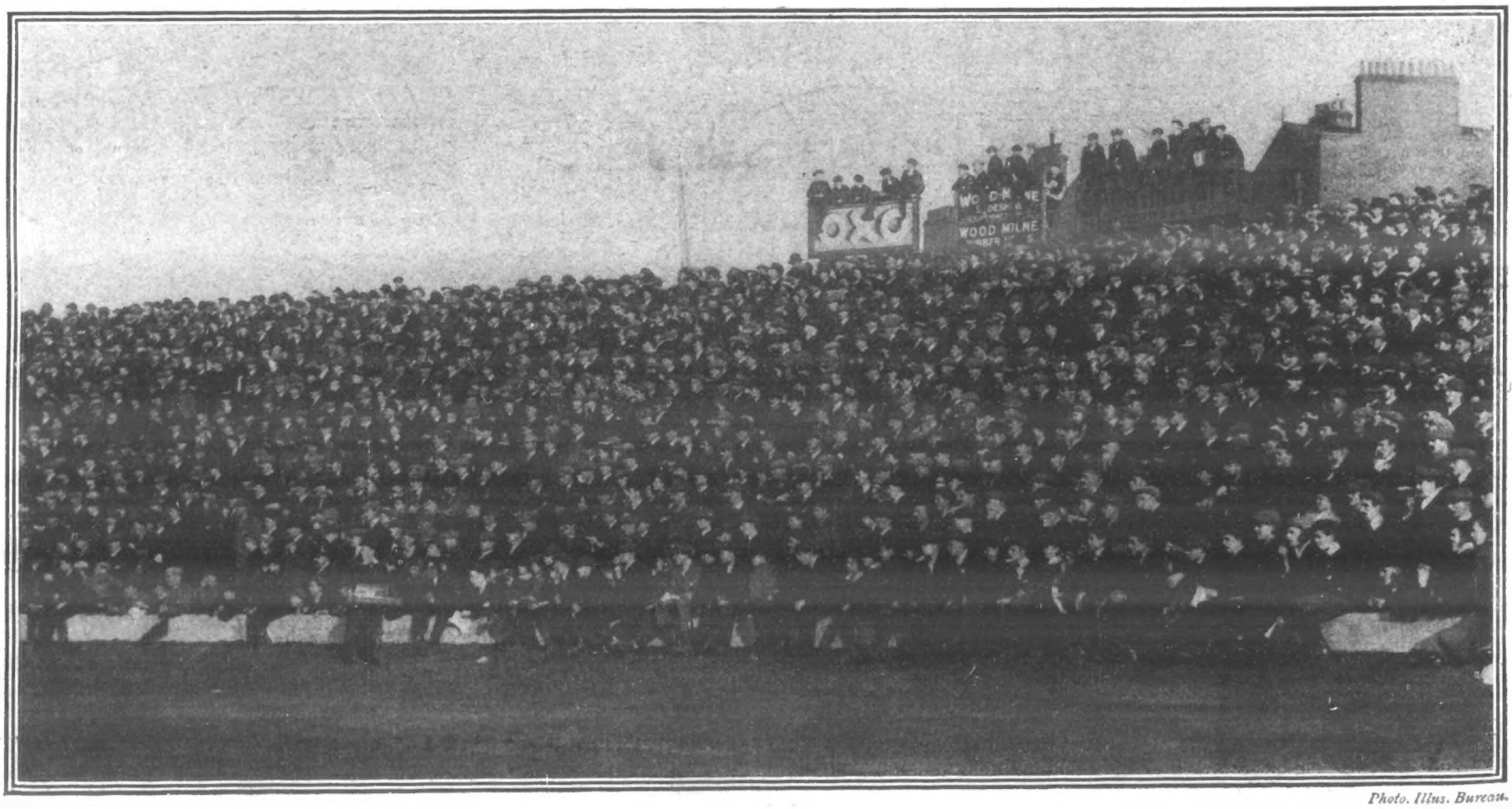


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

THE CROWD WATCHING THE MATCH BETWEEN BOLTON AND CHELSEA.

Chelsea, apparently, cannot do right. It was expected that, with their back line strengthened by the inclusion of J. Cameron, their new player from Blackburn Rovers, that would account for Bolton Wanderers; but they played a very poor game, the forwards being mostly at fault, and they paid the penalty by losing by three goals to one. They have had some big gates at Stamford Bridge lately, but last Saturday's form is hardly likely to increase their numbers.

Manchester United are in rare form, and last Saturday beat the powerful Newcastle United team by the large margin of six goals to one. The winners are at the head of the League table, being one point in front of the cup-holders, Sheffield Wednesday. The latter got the better of Bury by two goals to nil, on the Lancashire club's ground, and will probably prove a hard nut to crack in any of their matches.

Everton hold fourth position in the table, and on Saturday got the better of Middlesbrough by two goals to nil. Sheffield United beat Birmingham, at Bramall Lane, by one goal to nil, and Liverpool were victorious over Sunderland by a like score. Playing at Nottingham, the Forest had just one goal in five the better of Blackburn Rovers, and at Deepdale, Preston North End scored three goals against Bristol City without a response. The other match in the division was between Manchester City and Notts County, the former winning by two goals to one.

In the Second section Clapton Orient had Derby County for opponents at Homerton, and won by one goal to nil. The other Southern club, Fulham, were at Turf Moor, Burnley, where they gained a victory over the Lancashire club by scoring a solitary goal without a response. The London club has still a long way to go before they can be considered to be in the running for First League honours. Still, they have made up a lot of ground lately.

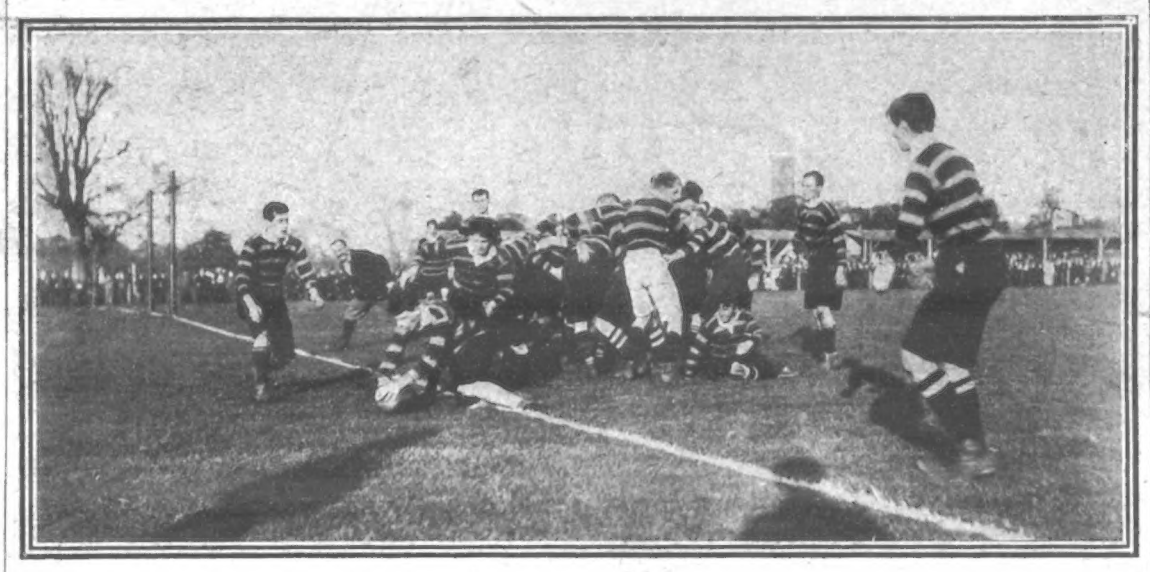
Some of the Southern League matches brought surprises. We really ought to be getting used to this sort of thing in this season of peculiar results. Plymouth Argyle managed to retain their unbeaten certificate at Bradford, but the Park Avenue team had the felicitation of being the first side to take a point from the Devonians, the result of the game being a goal-less draw. On Monday, the Argyle "went one better" by defeating Queen's Park Rangers by one goal to nil in the Western League.

Brentford had nothing to spare in their match with Northampton at Griffin Park, though they won by three goals to one, and the visitors would undoubtedly have made a better fight of it had their shooting not been so faulty. Crystal Palace, whose opponents were Swindon, had the satisfaction of scoring their first home win, and they gained a well-deserved victory over the Wiltshire club by four goals to one. Queen's Park Rangers also were in happy mood, and on the Brighton ground they beat the Albion by three goals to two.

At the moment, Tottenham Hotspur are a long way removed from the class they were when they won the English Cup, and they not only lost to Luton last Saturday by three goals to one, but at Tottenham, on Monday, they were worsted by Reading in the Western League by two goals to nil. The Berkshire club had previously beaten New Brompton in the Southern League by two goals to one. Bristol Rovers drew with Norwich City, each side scoring twice; West Ham United surprised everybody by conquering Portsmouth by two to nil at Fratton Park; Watford defeated unlucky Leyton by two to one, and Millwall gained a similar victory over Southampton.

Rugby football has only just begun to settle down, but there are already indications that the handling code season will be a busy one. So far as can be judged, Blackheath and Richmond have powerful sides, and the Harlequins, who defeated London Scottish last Saturday, are also likely to finish with a good record.

The New Zealand contingent, which has arrived in this country to play a series of games under Northern Union rules, have already shown that they have readily adapted themselves to conditions that they were generally supposed to know little about. In their opening match with Bramley they scored 25 points to 6, and somewhat surprised their critics, whilst last Saturday they defeated Huddersfield by 19 points to 8. On that form the tour looks like being as successful as the one under Rugby Union rules. But it is too early to judge of form.



RICHMOND v. LIVERPOOL.

Richmond won a fast game by 21 points to 3. Our photograph shows W. J. Dow scoring a try for Richmond.

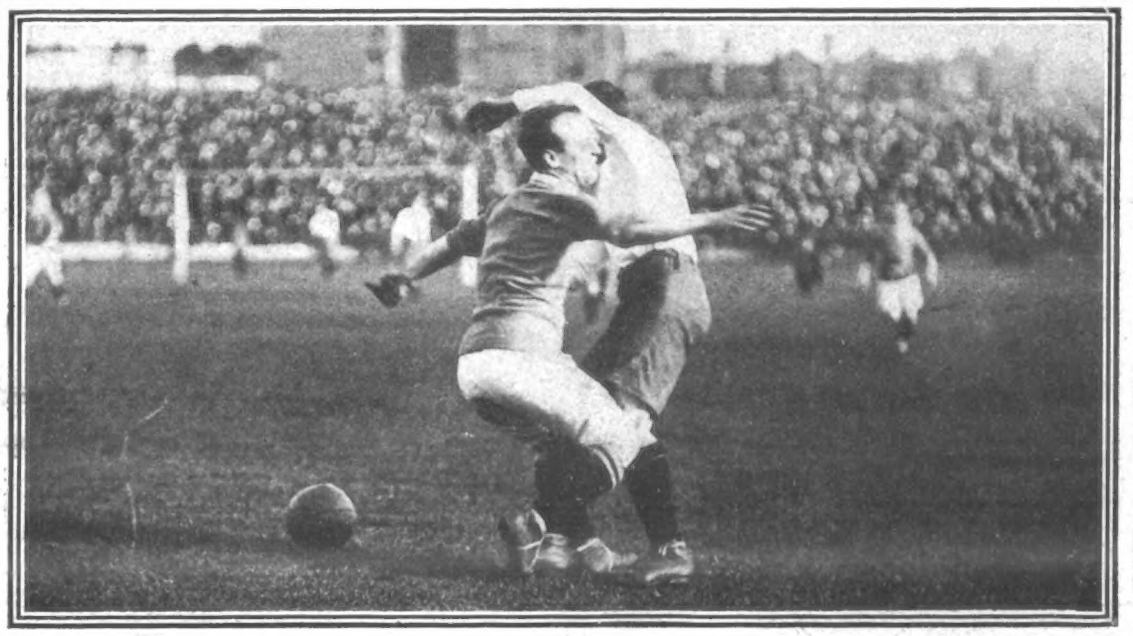
BILLIARDS.

John Roberts won his second game with Fred Weiss on the arc-oval, but it was only after a tremendous finish; and those who saw the end of the game at the Lesser St. James's Hall, Manchester, last Saturday, will well remember it. Roberts had a stern chase, but a brilliant effort got him home by 13 points, amid a perfect storm of applause.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

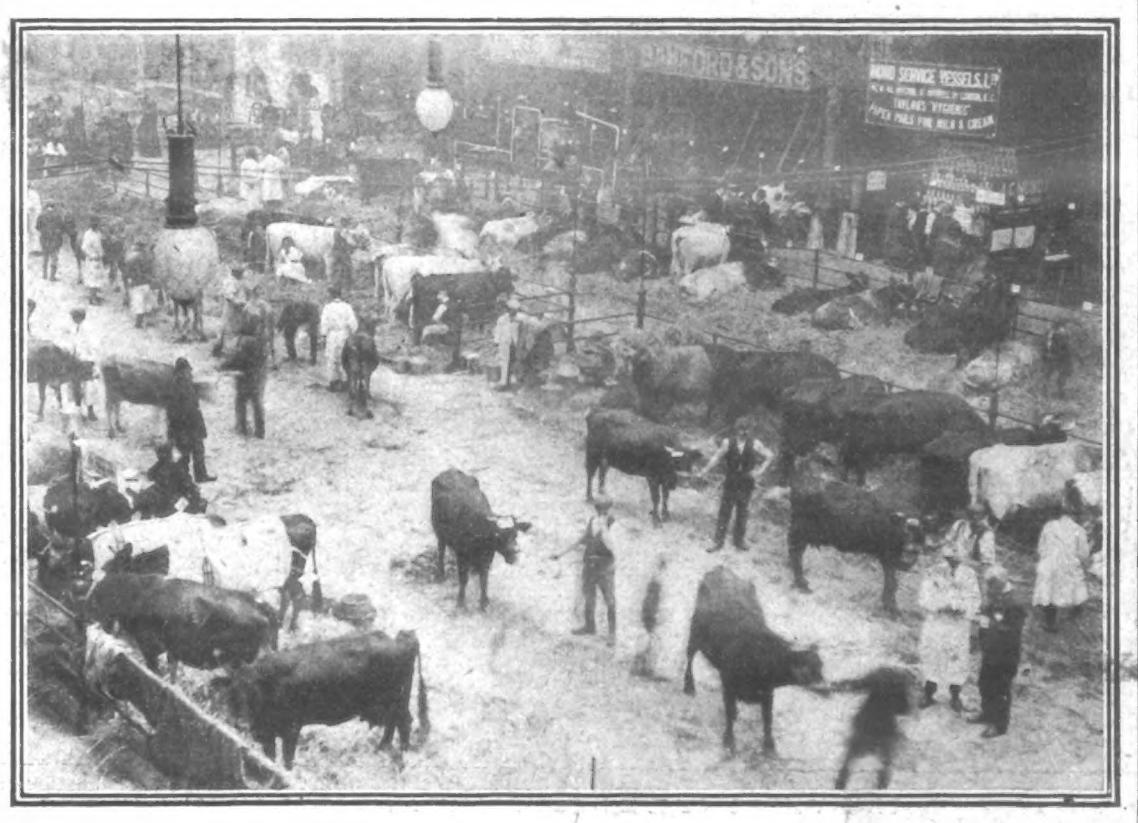
The Dover record has been beaten by W. J. Robins, of the Southern C.C. He rode from London to Dover and back in 8 hours 30 min. 50 sec.—21 min. 26 sec. faster than that accomplished last July by J. Bowie, of the Unity C.C. There was no question of the correctness of the performance, for the rider was carefully checked at important stages on the journey. This year the rider has broken the twelve and twenty-four hours Southern road records.

The Great Northern Railway walk, confined to members of the goods staff at Farringdon Street, attracted fourteen starters. E. Oliver won with a start of 7 min.; H. C. Horner, who had 15 min. start, was second; S. G. Harvey, 13 min., third; and the novices prize was taken by F. W. Dilley.



CHELSEA v. BOLTON.

A nasty collision near the Chelsea goal. Who is taking the ball?



THE DAIRY SHOW AT ISLINGTON.

This show, of which we give a general view, has met with great success.

FORTUNES FROM TRIFLING SAVINGS.

How 2/6 a week or £5 down can produce £5,000 in a short time and without risk.

By JAMES WINSLOE BARING.

There is a double-barrelled saying which is often quoted. It is:

1. A man or woman with brains who possesses £100, or over, in cash, has many excellent opportunities of getting on and getting wealthy.
2. The first £100 is very difficult to collect.

I know for a fact that many people, chiefly men and women in small circumstances, young people just starting in city life and the like, have read the above saying and have then dismissed from their minds all thought of ever trying to put to the test the adage, "Money makes money," until they have first, patiently and with much endeavour, put by £100.

Now, a century of sovereigns takes a great deal of saving. If one is earning a comparatively small salary or wage, out of which one has to keep oneself and, maybe, keep up appearances also, it is very arduous work putting by a shilling here and a shilling there, until one has put by a pile of 2,000 shillings, and is ready to start on a career of a successful capitalist.

Perhaps—indeed this happens in hundreds of cases—the attempt is given up in despair, and the wage-earner resolutely makes up his mind to put away from him for ever all dreams of a golden fortune, all longings for a future of wealth and prosperity.

Ah, it is a dangerous maxim this, this maxim of the first £100 being difficult to obtain, and a foolish one, also, for although, indeed, £100 may be a difficult sum to "save," yet the man or woman who is only putting by, say, 2/6 a week can, with the utmost ease and facility, put that 2/6, small sum though it be, into securities—safe Government securities, where it will be given hundreds of opportunities every year of multiplying itself a hundredfold, a thousandfold.

These are the words that should be written up in a prominent place in every home:

"It is quite possible to earn a fortune, maybe a fortune of £5,000, with your petty cash."

"But how?" I fancy I hear you say. Well, in this manner.

There are certain high-class, gilt-edged, copper-bottomed securities issued by various Continental Governments and Municipalities which, besides paying a good rate of interest, give to those who invest in them, no matter how small their deposits, hundreds of opportunities of earning large fortunes ranging in amount from £24,000 downwards.

Amongst the authorities issuing or guaranteeing this particular kind of stock are the Governments of France, Austria, Russia, Belgium, and Egypt, the Municipalities of Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Vienna, Venice, Geneva, and Antwerp, and the Suez Canal Company; but for the sake of explanation we will take as a good instance that class of stock issued in Brussels in 1888, and guaranteed by the Belgian Government, known as Congo Free State Bonds.

Now, by arrangements made by the International Securities Syndicate, of Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W., British Agents for these Bonds, anyone is enabled to invest in this stock on the instalment system.

Say you wish to purchase £5 worth of this stock. Well, you can do so either by paying down your £5 cash or by paying down the same sum in weekly, monthly or quarterly instalments, any amount from 2/6 weekly upwards being accepted by the International Securities Syndicate.

Having done this you become the complete owner of safe Government Stock, rising in value by 5 per cent. every year, and at the same time you will be given no fewer than 150 opportunities every twelve months of earning a fortune of £6,000, of £4,000, £2,000, £800, and so on.

All this time your original investment will be perfectly safe, its security being guaranteed by the Government of Belgium, and you have the additional satisfaction of knowing that even if the worst comes to the worst, and you are not allotted a fortune in the shape of a Cash Premium still you are guaranteed a minimum profit of £3 on every £5 so invested—a very good percentage—whilst you may rake in the goodly sum of £6,000.

It comes to this then:

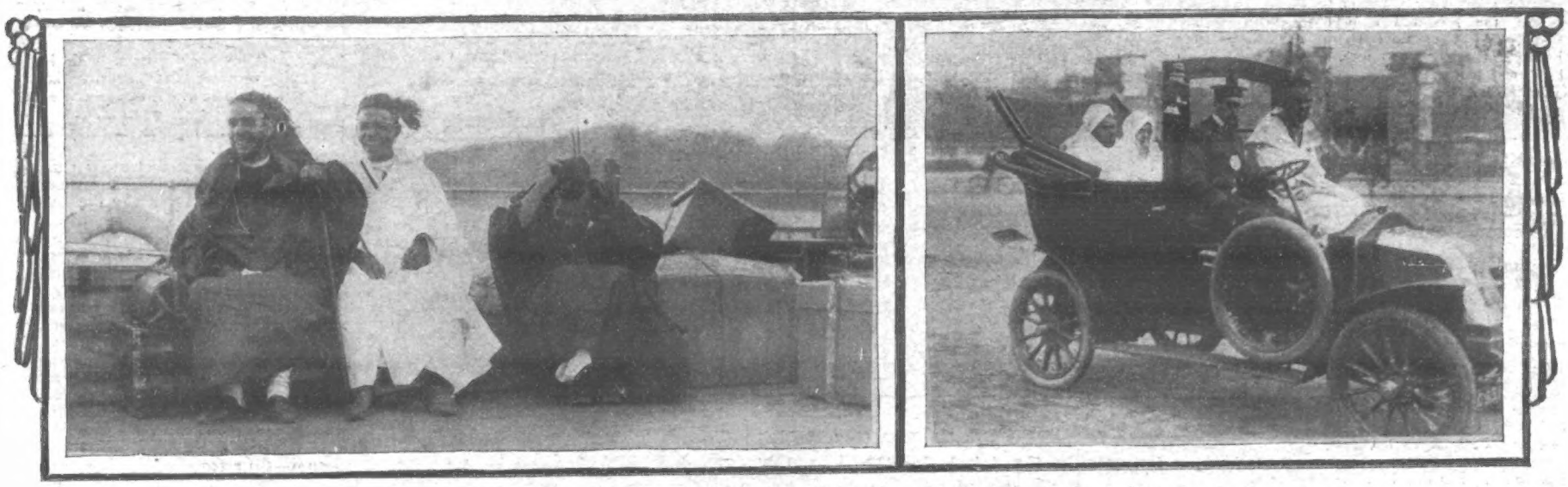
You save 2/6 a week out of your income, and, instead of putting it into the Post Office Savings Bank to stagnate at 2½ per cent., you invest it through the agency of the International Securities Syndicate, in this Belgian Government Stock.

You cannot lose it, and if you make your first payment immediately, you may, on October 20, next, earn a fortune of £4,000; you may, on December 20, next, earn £800; you may, on February 20, earn £2,000, and you may, on April 20, next, be awarded no less a sum than £6,000.

You will see, then, how exploded is the idea that £100 is difficult to earn. You may earn forty times as much as that in a month's time simply by investing 2/6 a week in a safe Government security.

There are, as we have mentioned, a great many other securities giving similar advantages, but the above will serve as an example and if you wish for further particulars you will find them in a large illustrated Blue Book, a copy of which will be sent gratis and post free to every reader of this article who applies for it, mentioning "PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," to the International Securities Syndicate, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

THE MOORISH MISSION THAT HAS MISSED FIRE.



Sid Boubak al Alami and Sid Mohammed al Buosami, the two amateur diplomats who have been sent by Mulai Hafid, the Moroccan Pretender, to see King Edward and endeavour to obtain his intervention in the cause against Abdel Aziz the real Sultan—have failed in their task. They have been refused an audience with the King and also with the Foreign Secretary, who stated that he had no authority to receive them. Our photographs show the amusement of the Ambassadors' servants as they were photographed on board the boat, and the arrival of the Ambassadors at Buckingham Palace. Surely they might have found something more picturesque than a modern taximo in which to journey through London.

JOHN BURNS MOTOR-BOATING.

THE summer weather experienced on Sunday brought out quite a large number of boating-parties up the river, and the Right Hon. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board, wishing to see what the general feeling was regarding his order closing the towing-path leading to Hampton Court to motor vehicles, boarded the Daimler motor-launch *Sallie*, owned by Mr. E. H. Rudd, of Twickenham, for a run up the river. On the return journey, owing to an accident with the trembler coil in Molesey Lock, there was a necessary delay, during which quite a crowd stood round, to the amusement of Mr. Burns, who, from his early experience in marine engineering, was able to tender some good advice towards putting the engine right. When the boat started away a cheer arose for the distinguished motor-boatist, who landed at Strawberry Hill and boarded an electric tramcar for Richmond Bridge. He expressed himself as thoroughly delighted with his afternoon's experiences.

THE KAISER'S PRACTICAL SON.

CROWN PRINCE TO LEARN CIVIL ADMINISTRATION

AT the request of the Crown Prince, who desires to acquire a comprehensive knowledge of the civil administration of the State, the Emperor, by a Cabinet order dated Oct. 7, has authorised the employment of his Imperial Highness at the Ministry of the Interior for the period of a year, relieving him at the same time of his military duties.

In addition to the practical part which the Prince will take in the transaction of business at the Ministry, in the hearing of Ministerial reports, and in inspections, lectures in various branches of science are to be included in the Crown Prince's education in administrative matters.

His Imperial Highness entered upon his new duties last Monday.

THE OPENING OF THE LAW COURTS

The procession of Judges and Counsel from Westminster Abbey to the House of Lords.

DYING MAN MARRIED ON AN AMBULANCE.

WEDDING TRAGEDY OF AN EXILED COUPLE.

A PATHETIC marriage took place last Thursday week in a suburb of Berne, Switzerland (says the *Express* correspondent).

Stephane Lerczinsky, a Pole, who was dying, was carried to church on an ambulance, and wedded to his sweetheart, Irene Dovgerd, of the same nationality.

Lerczinsky feebly responded to the usual questions, and his young bride was most of the time in tears. After the ceremony the bridegroom was carried back to his bed. He died the next day.

It appears that Lerczinsky had escaped from a Russian prison, where he had been confined for his political opinions. His treatment in prison had undermined his health, and recently, on being informed there was no hope of recovery, he persuaded his sweetheart to marry him.

FACTORY HOURS IN GERMANY.

IT is understood, says the Berlin correspondent of the *Tribune*, that a Bill will be presented in the Reichstag during next session dealing with the hours of labour in factories, and especially with the night-work of youths between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

The legal hours for the employment of such hands will be shortened.

FATAL TRAM ACCIDENT.

A DISASTROUS tramway smash occurred on Monday on the Halifax Corporation service at Sowerby Bridge.

Two people were killed and thirty-one seriously injured. The car was the workmen's first tram from Sowerby Bridge, and was nearly filled with people going to work.

On leaving the town a tremendous hill, known as Bolton Brow, has to be mounted. The car had negotiated this, but afterwards it went wrong, and the trolley is said to have left the wires.

The car began to run back, and, leaving the metals, it ran into a building on the roadside.

A shop front was smashed in, and the great vehicle was wrecked. The cries of the passengers were heartrending as they were thrown violently into the street, and it is surprising that there were so few deaths.

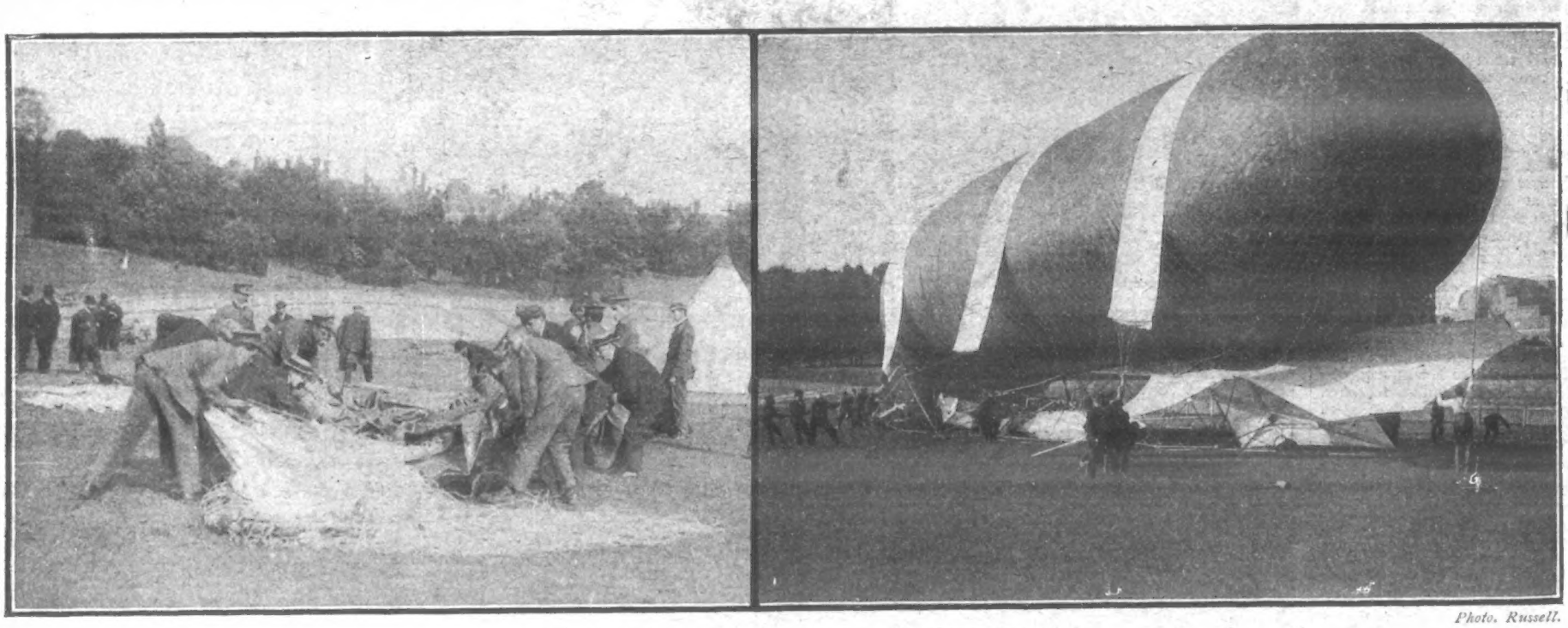
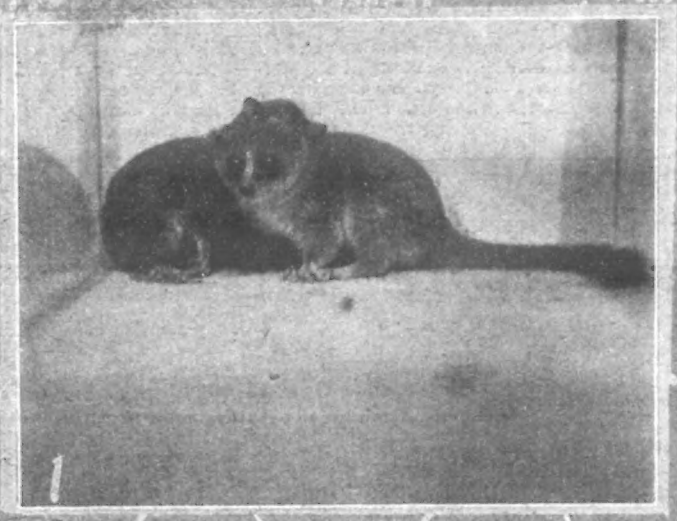


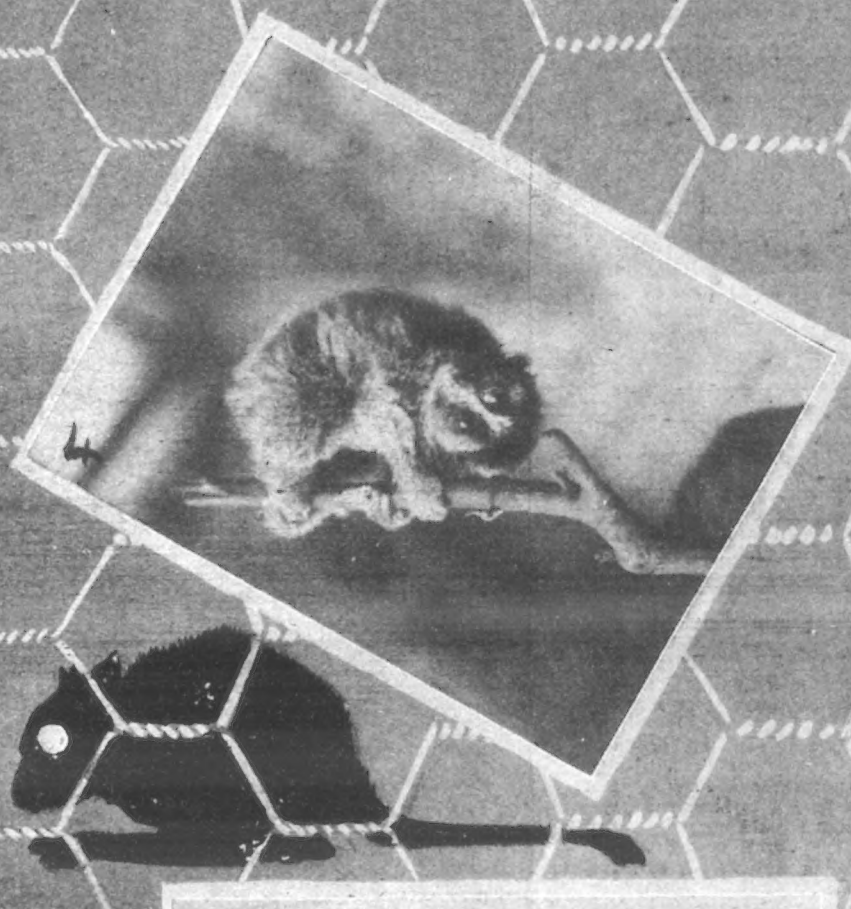
Photo. Russell.

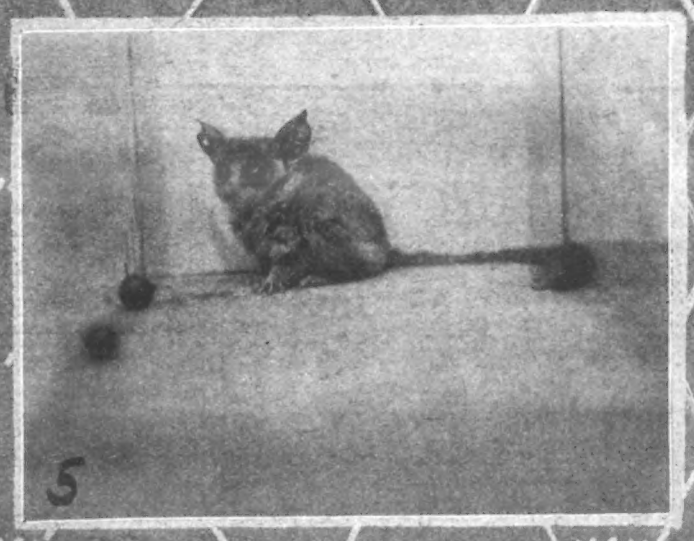
THE WRECK OF THE "NULLI SECUNDUS."

After its successful trip over London the British military air-ship "Nulli Secundus" was wrecked at the Crystal Palace owing to the heavy rain and wind. Our photographs show soldiers rolling up the great silk envelope, and the air-ship just as it was struck by a gust of wind, the force of the impact seriously damaging the frame-work of the car.

ANIMALS WITH STARTLED EYES.







E.P.

Photos. Berridge.

Most of our readers have been to the "Zoo," yet it is probable there are animals there that they have never seen. Our illustrations are of some of these little creatures, and were only taken after a great deal of trouble, the animals hiding themselves for the greater part of the day. 1. Dwarf Lemurs, the smallest of the monkey tribe, being, in fact, not so large as a rat. 2. The Slender Loris. 3. The Fat-tailed Mouse, who can live on the accumulated fat of his tail in the same manner that a camel lives on its hump. 4. The Grey Slow Loris. 5. The Maholi Galago. Compare its size with the grape in foreground. 6. The Egyptian Jerboa.

HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

Hit Back.

A certain farmer, being in want of a horse, inserted an advertisement in the local paper. A day or two later he was standing at the gate of one of his meadows when a youth rode up on an animal which had evidently seen its best days.

"You wants a 'oss, guv'nor?" began the newcomer.

"Weel?" said the farmer.

"Weel, father told me to bring you one!" explained the youth.

The farmer critically surveyed the equine wreck for a moment.

"So," he drawled at length, "that is a 'oss, is it? Hang me if I didn't think you 'd been a-trying to mak summat o' t' soort from a paper pattern! If ye 'd tak the trouble to read that advertisement again ye 'd see as I wants a 'oss—not a hantiquated monstrosity, but a 'oss—the real article, an' a genuine worker."

"Oh!" retorted the youth, as he stared over the farmer's head into the rather bare meadow, "then Aw reckon it 's no deal! But, Aw say, guv'nor, don't you think any sort of a 'oss as could find a mouthful o' grass in that medder would be a genuine worker? Strikes me he 'd have to work—an' work hard! Good marnin'!"—*Chums*.

The Schemer Undone.

"Jones, Jones! I call for Mr. Jones! I want to hear what he has to say!"

It was the tenth time that the political meeting had been disturbed by this imperative demand.

At last, after many further repetitions of the same strident request, a young man mounted the platform and spoke.

Once more came from the same part of the hall the yell for "Jones—Jones!"

"My good man," exclaimed the chairman, "what ails you? Mr. Jones is now speaking!"

"Is that Mr. Jones?" cried the interrupter. "Why, it can't be! That 's the chap who paid me half-a-crown to keep on calling for Jones!"

Does anyone know why the young man left the platform and vanished in the darkness?—*Answers*.

Successful.

A sad-looking man went into a chemist's.

"Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thought of sorrow and bitter recollection?"

The druggist nodded, and put him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood, rhubarb and Epsom salts, and a dash of castor-oil, and gave it to him; and for six months the man could not think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.—*Tit-Bits*.

Equally Useful.

A widower had long laid siege to the heart of an elderly spinster, but finding his protestations of love met with but a cold response, he solicited the aid of the vicar, who, after some demur, promised to do what he could in the matter.

Having occasion to visit the lady shortly afterwards, the reverend gentleman went straight to the point—

"Have you never thought of taking a husband, Miss ——? He would be a protection here," he remarked, his eyes taking in at a glance the valuable furniture and ornaments adorning the room.

"Husband!" ejaculated the spinster icily. "I have three pets which together answer the purpose quite well. I 've a dog that growls all the morning, a parrot that swears all the afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night."

The vicar is no longer a match-maker.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

One Better.

When off duty a popular professor enjoys a joke, and his pupils often come to him when they have heard a new one. He adds to the fun now and again with a witticism of his own.

Such was the case when one of the students remarked—

"Professor, would you like a good recipe for catching rabbits?"

"Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?"

"Well, you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip," answered the youth, giggling in ecstasy at his own witticism.

Quick as a flash came the reply—

"Oh, a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage-heads and look natural."—*Chums*.

Not in Mourning.

A popular contributor to a certain weekly paper recently died, and a visitor to the office the day after the funeral found the editor and his staff talking about their loss disconsolately.

"It has been a sad loss, friends," the visitor said. "A sad loss indeed." He sighed and looked about the room. "And I am pleased to see," he went on, "that you commemorate the melancholy event by hanging up crape."

The editor frowned.

"Crape?" he said. "Where do you see any crape?"

"Over there," said the visitor, pointing.

"Crape be blowed," said the editor hotly. "That isn't crape. It 's the office towel."—*Pearson's Weekly*

An Angry Anarchist.

Oh, he preached it from the house-tops, and he whispered it by stealth;
He wrote whole miles of stuff against the awful curse of wealth.
He shouted for the poor man, and he called the rich man down;
He roasted every king and queen who dared to wear a crown.
He clamoured for rebellion, and he said he 'd lead a band
To exterminate the millionaires and sweep them from the land.
He yelled against monopolists, their power he 'd defy,
And swore he 'd be an Anarchist, and blow them to the sky.
He stormed, he fumed, and ranted, till he made the rich men wince,
But an uncle left him money, and he hasn't shouted since.—*Tit-Bits*.

Returned in Kind.

The train was waiting at a small country station for an express to pass, when a smart young man thought he would have some fun with a farmer, who was sauntering up and down the platform. As the latter came opposite the compartment, he was asked by the would-be wit if he knew that the Duke of Devonshire was on the train.

Immediately, the man showed great interest, and said—

"No! Is he?"

"I think he is not," was the reply, "I only asked if you knew he was."

The farmer said nothing, but continued his walk on the platform. As he came opposite the window again he remarked that their town had been experiencing some excitement.

"What 's the matter?" asked the young fellow.

"The authorities wouldn't let some people bury a woman," replied the farmer.

"What was their reason for refusing?" was the natural question.

"She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply.

And then he strolled away, leaving the smart young man biting his lip.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

"HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE——"

TOMMY: Wot's the good o' tellin' me the bees is carryin' 'oney 'ome? This one wasn't. Boo hoo! 'E was carryin' mustard. I knows—I've swallered it.

The Editor to his Friends.

WORDS TO THE WIND.

My Dear Readers,—

A GENTLEMAN who had been tarred and feathered once remarked that "Feathers ain't always reckoned to make yer fly," and he might have added that riding on a rail (another form of American punishment) does not make the victim a horseman. That is so, and I think we may give the gentleman who mentioned them the glad hand, ask him home to meet the wife and family, and tell him in return that some hundreds of yards of silk, and goodness alone knows how much gas, do not make an air-ship.

It is only a few days ago that we were talking about Britain's conquest of the air, but all the time the good old wind, hiding round a corner for the moment, was laughing up his cloud-sleeves, and getting into condition for an effort that was to prove, with painful conclusiveness, that when it comes to Wind v. Man there is only one in it. Of course, there is no doubt that the wind's action was most unmannerly, and, if it was an English wind, equally unpatriotic. I am quite aware that *L'Entente Cordiale* is a great thing just now, but even that would not have prevented us forwarding the wind to France, had it been in our power, so that it might amuse itself with the aerial war-vessels of that nation. It would not be a bad idea to use the Thames L.C.C. steamers to carry the wind across, and a deputation of policemen, or plumbers, or some other aid to friendly feelings with foreign nations, might go over at the same time. Ostensibly they would visit the country to promote the friendly feeling existing between the two nations, but in reality they would be there to make certain that Wind was doing his work thoroughly, and not trying to go back on his contract.

We are unfinished, and anybody may keep the old Wind so far as we are concerned.

Besides, just listen to me, Wind, for a few seconds. I know this blowing about of air-ships is very funny, and better than a week-end trip to Paris to you, but just you remember who has got to pay for it. All you have to do is to lead an ideal open-air life, while poor chaps like myself have to sit in offices and try to earn a comparatively honest penny by writing about you to pay for the damage that you have done. It 's a jolly good job for you that you are the Wind, for I believe that if you were anything decently human—even a large-sized policeman—I'd hit you—if you weren't looking.

Has it occurred to you that you have given a number of quite respectable people the lie direct? Why, even in this paper of mine, we announced last week that Great Britain had made a conquest of the air. Now, as man to man—I beg your pardon—do you think it was gentlemanly to act as you did last Thursday? Why couldn't you content yourself with a few trees, or something like that? Hang it all, Wind, I 'll have a tree planted specially for you, if that 's all you want. I know you 've got an idea that you can do as you like, but one of these days you 'll find out your mistake. We shall all take to living underground, or something like that, and then what will you do? Yes, I am speaking right out to you, even if you have revenge by blowing my new hat into the mud as I go home.

Now, look here, Wind. It is no good getting apologetic and saying that you only occasionally break out in this way, that at most times you are a good boy, and that you blow our ships across the great oceans, thus making us prosperous and the kings of commerce. That may have been correct years ago, but just you remember that most vessels are driven by steam nowadays, and that the owners of them merely regard you as a nuisance. Yes, you heard what I said—a *nuisance*.

Windmills! Don't be so ridiculous. How many wind-driven mills are there in England? You ought to be ashamed of yourself to bring forward such a paltry excuse as that.

The fact is, Wind, I am coming rapidly to the conclusion that it is high time that you went out of business, or got an old-age pension, or were put into Parliament, or something. You really ought to shine in debate, and it wouldn't cost the country so much for your amusements. Personally, I am dead against old-age pensions, possibly because it would be some time before I could claim one; but I 'd vote solid for you to have one, if it would only keep you out of mischief.

You chaser of clouds, you destroyer of air-ships and men's pride, what use are you, anyway?

I have just thought of another reason why you ought to be grateful and behave yourself. Look how we have always made a feature of you. Think of the crowing cocks, the ships in full sail, and the less ornate arrows that we have erected on the tops of towers and steeples for you to play with. Can't you be thankful for that, and realise that each of these gilded toys is an advertisement for you that we have erected at our own expense? I don't suppose that you will bother to think about it, for thinking of that kind isn't in your line. You might remember, however, that Christmas and the New Year are not so very far away, and that that period would be a fine time to register a new vow—and keep it.

Christmas! What a beast you are at such times, Wind. Snow is bad enough; rain is, perhaps, worse; but Wind, you know that you are the worst of all. It is you that seeks out the poor homeless wretches who have hidden from the rain or the snow under archways and doorways. They cannot find protection from you, and you know it. Why can't you go and whistle only down the rich man's chimney, for at the worst you can only blow a little smoke into his eyes? You would make a rotten Father Christmas, and no respectable reindeer would draw you about in a sleigh. Yes, I know that you manage to get into trams and 'buses and trains when the doors are opened, but one of these days we 'll find a way of beating you there.

What you want, Wind, is a good pushing rival, who would teach you your place and make you keep it.

That 's it, keep on laughing. I know you want me to think that you don't care a jot about me. But you do! You won this week, and reduced to a wreck in a few seconds an air-ship that it had taken months to make; but I know how we can spite you, and spoil your little game for good. Ah, you look interested, for you are aware that I should not make a statement of that kind without good reason.

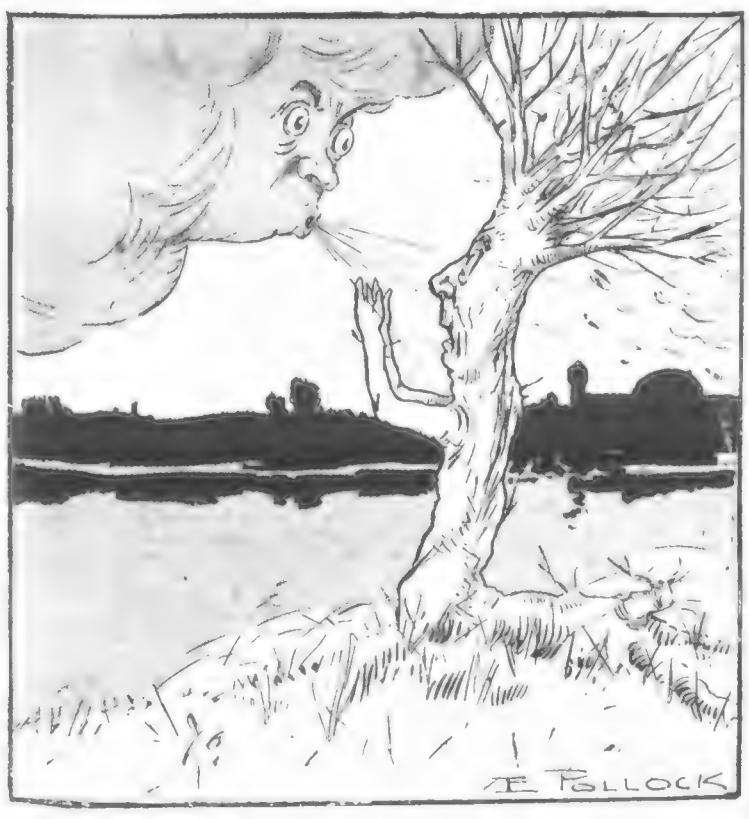
Will I tell you how you can be beaten? Certainly.

It 's just like this, Wind. So long as you are given things to play with, to smash, to ruin, you will have the power to win. But suppose we give you no more toys; suppose we decided to build no more air-ships and things of that kind, where will you be then? Blowing down trees will be very tame to you then, you know, and even you can't often manage to sink the great ships that modern invention has sent down to the ocean. If you 're not jolly careful you 'll be finding yourself out of a job, my boy, and you won't find it any too easy to get a fresh one. People don't want blusterers in their employ nowadays. Besides, I don't suppose you can write shorthand, and, even if you can typewrite, I expect you can't spell—things like you never can. You 're too busy upsetting other people's business to attend to your own.

Don't you really think that you might make a public apology for this last freak of yours? I shall be pleased to publish it with your witness and signature attached, if you will forward it to,

Your Editor.

"Feathers ain't always reckoned to make yer fly."



Why couldn't you content yourself with a few trees, or something like that?

"P.I.P." FARMER AND GARDENER.

Oct. 16 to 25.—This week I propose to give a good deal of time to clearing up and making things in the garden snug for the winter. As I have no shed at my disposal I shall be stacking my bean-sticks away in an odd corner. My plan is to tie them together, strongly, in bundles of a convenient size, and stand them end up. To lay sticks downwards is obviously a bad practice. Dahlia tubers have to be taken up at last (long after I had anticipated), and there are a good many other late summer growths to be cut down, removed to the rubbish heap, or burnt. This week, as I trim up my borders, I shall also take the opportunity of digging up, separating, and replanting overgrown perennial plants; peonies need such treatment sparingly, but liliums, lilies-of-the-valley, golden-rod, and such growths may require attention in this way. Tritomas (the red-hot poker plant) should have their leaves bunched tightly together now, and be firmly tied with bast, for they are none too able to withstand hard frosts. No better time could be selected for planting or removing rose-trees, and they should have a mulch of thoroughly decayed manure dug in round them, whilst a litter of strawy stable refuse placed on the soil at the base of the plant will save any possibility of loss during an extra cold snap. This week I am overhauling the heating arrangements in my small greenhouse, and running a trial trip with the stove.

My Garden Plans.

All the spring bulbs, and many of the summer ones; most perennials; fruit trees; roses; climbers; and evergreens may be planted now and right on through October, and stuff so planted stands an excellent chance of making good root growth, and getting a start before the sap rises in the spring. The papers are full of advertisements from nurserymen and others with such wares to sell, and the autumn catalogues and price lists should be carefully studied. Modern catalogues mostly contain cultural directions, and from the detailed descriptions a good idea may be gathered of "what 's what." Competition is too keen for nurserymen to fill their lists with exaggerated statements, though no one can, of course, expect them to underrate their goods. In buying things for autumn planting, my advice is *not* to go in for bargains, or the absurdly cheap plants. Pay a reasonable price for what you want, and you will have greater satisfaction in the end. Two good plants are better for your purpose than three shoddy ones. First of all, get your soil well and deeply dug, and thoroughly manured — then order your plants. When they come, get them in quickly but carefully. If they should arrive during frosty weather, protect them as best you can till the thaw comes. With large plants and trees you should dig a hole and cover the roots with soil till the frost breaks up. In dry weather "puddle" in your stuff—that is, having dug your hole, throw in a bucketful of water before planting. In every case, do not plant your tree, or whatever it is, too deeply—certainly no deeper than it was when taken from the ground, as evidenced by the soil marks. The "neck" of a plant or tree is very important and must not be covered. In every case also, tread down the soil firmly around the newly-planted item.

What to Plant Now.

The principles usually employed in small gardens for training espalier-trees are the horizontal and perpendicular. In the former, the parallel branches run from side to side; with the latter, they run upwards from a main cross-piece jutting from the trunk, a foot or so above the ground. Such trees are usually purchased from the nursery in their second or third year. As the tree grows, the leading buds should be watched for and selected—that is, one strong one for the upright leader and two side buds, one for each side, in the horizontal case; with perpendicular training, you would look for the buds you require in the same way. Rub off the other buds, but keep one or two spare ones in case of accident to those selected. At the winter pruning, all the side-shoots that have formed are shortened to three, or perhaps only two, buds, and the process of shortening is repeated every year. In time, the tree will reach the height and breadth desired, at which it may be kept by this shortening. The fruit will be borne upon the spurs so shortened, and the advantages of espalier training are: (1) ease with which fruit may be gathered, and tree pruned and otherwise attended to; (2) little or no play is given to the wind; (3) economy in space, and the benefit in using ground around the tree; (4) every branch has its full meed of light and air. In fact, there are untold advantages for the amateur with a small garden, not the least of which is the interest and fascination such training produces. The cordon system is that of growing on straight, tall stems, usually in regular rows, or lines, with fruit spurs from bottom to top. Pyramid-trees throw branches almost from the ground itself, in the shape of a graceful pyramid, but this style is not so suited to a small plot. Standards are trees that have a long bare trunk with a bushy head, from which the branches will grow.

Training Fruit-Trees.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

G. Higgins.—Persistent hunting is really necessary to get rid of the celery-maggot, which, I find, is very much in evidence this season. I have heard that the treatment for roses is also good for celery blight—a syringing of soft soap and quassia. Dust soot round your plants on a dry day and destroy all affected leaves.

K. Wilson.—(1) Yes, plant raspberry-canes now. (2) £6 seems a very reasonable price for ten good hardy pigs. (3) Get an incubator list from Messrs. Tamlin, St. Margaret's Works, Twickenham, London.

"Nelly Sweynds."—Your dahlia is "Standard Bearer" cactus, and the specimen you send is excellent, though not quite shapely enough to be up to show form.

H. Barr.—It is not quite the season for emigration to Canada unless you have friends to go to. Write for official information to "The Chief Clerk, Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W."

P. Moscowsky.—It is rather too late to make a lawn from seed, and, unless you can obtain good turf cheaply, I should advise you to wait till the spring.

I am always pleased to reply to inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C. A. Courland Marshall.

The Human Body Is a Machine.

IT IS RUN BY ELECTRICITY.

Many people do not stop to realise that the human body is a machine. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism in existence. This human machine is run by electricity. This force is just as much a part of the body as the blood, bone, and sinew.

The vitality of the body is this electric force stored in the nerve cells—nothing else. If you have not taken care of the human machine during the winter months; if you have overworked; if you have dissipated; if you have been careless in diet and your blood circulation is sluggish and your system is full of impurities, now you will pay the penalty; now you will feel the Neuralgic and Rheumatic pains as every storm approaches; now Catarrh, with all its disagreeable symptoms, will show itself; Chills and Fevers will rack the body and, characteristic of the season, you will have that tired feeling that puts you in the ranks of the "quitters."

This is the time of year that the chemists' shops reap a rich harvest, but what actual benefit do any of us get from dosing our systems with medicine? Turn over a new leaf. Infinitely more good can be done by infusing a strong, steady stream of Galvanic Electricity into your body. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Battery will tone up your system in the right way, and save you loss of time and doctor's bills.

When your body is run down, when the machinery wobbles, there is but one correct method to set it right, and that is to restore its life element—electricity. Here is a chance for all weak, sickly people to regain their lost strength and energy.

A guide to health has been prepared for free distribution among all readers of the Penny Illustrated Paper. This is an illustrated book of eighty pages, brimful of the things everyone ought to know. Write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will get it in a plain, sealed envelope, free. Call at the office for a free demonstration, and test if you can.

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII. (*continued.*)

ARTHUR'S STORY.

"WHY should he think that Mr. Mendle would go away?" asked Darton.

Lady Cobbin laughed. "When a cab is driven by a man who has twice attempted the life of his passenger, it is wise for that passenger to escape if he can. Mr. Mendle evidently thought so, and while Arthur was talking to Sir Samuel, he slipped out from the off-side of the cab, which was in shadow, and escaped back to his office. Then——"

"Then what?" asked Belinda, seeing that she halted, confused.

Lady Cobbin made a gesture of despair. "I can't say, and even what I have said is all imagination on my part. Only Arthur could tell the exact truth of what happened, and Arthur is dead. Mr. Mendle certainly went back to the office, and Sir Samuel swears that he departed, leaving Arthur with the cab, on receiving his promise—which he never intended to keep—that the cab would be taken to the garage later. When alone, Arthur might have looked into the cab and have found his victim flown. Then Parley may have come behind and strangled him. Of course, there remains the problem as to how the cab was driven to Cade Lane. Sir Samuel may have returned and have——"

"No. I can't see how Sir Samuel can be implicated in the case," said Darton. "I believe that Parley is guilty."

Lady Cobbin folded up the papers in despair. "I am afraid to say who is guilty," she said. "I have been wrong every time I have guessed."

After that there was no more to be said.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PADDY O'TOOLE.

When Lady Cobbin returned to her office, she ordered the boy to say that she was engaged, then sat down to consider all that had taken place. To say that she was puzzled is to speak weakly, for the whole affair was incomprehensible to her. Even with the aid of tobacco she could see no clue to lead her out of the labyrinth.

After much thought, it struck her how impossible it was to fathom the depths of the case, since the whole of it rose from a madman's brain. Undoubtedly Arthur Gerson was quite insane. His wild life, his two attempts to murder Mendle, and his resolve to sacrifice his own life rather than allow his victim to escape—these things pointed to a weak brain. The boy had been born hysterical and neurotic, and, never having been guided to control himself, had allowed his passions to run riot. From all that Lady Cobbin knew, the lawyer had not been an unkind guardian. He had allowed the boy one thousand a year, and had never grudged him extra money. Granting that the fortune belonged to Arthur and his sister, the will certainly had given Mendle entire power over the property. Had he chosen, he could have refused to give the children of his late master more than a small yearly sum, and would still have been within his rights. Regarding the terms of the will, Lady Cobbin began to think that old Gerson had been right in so limiting his children and placing them, although over age, in a state of pupilage. Belinda had never developed strength until the money came into her possession, and Arthur's looks alone showed that he was the last person in the world to make a good use of money.

But why had Arthur not accepted the situation? There was some reason in Belinda's not doing so, since Mendle was interfering with her love affairs. But Arthur had a good income, and Mendle was disposed to treat him kindly, even to permitting a wrongful marriage to take place. Yet Arthur had striven to kill him twice, possessed by a blind hatred, for which no just cause could be shown. Lady Cobbin found herself pitying Mendle, although she had no reason to like him. It seemed terrible that a weak little creature like the lawyer should be subjected to the persecution of an irresponsible man. Had Mendle been wise, he would have surrendered all the property, if only to end the persecution to which he was subjected. But even then the hatred of Arthur might have continued. He had been one of those degenerates who resemble Anarchists. In his blind rage he was ready to kill anyone and anything—to kill even himself—so long as he attained his wicked ends. Madness was scarcely a strong enough word to apply to a human animal possessed of such a blood-lust.

Then, again, the execution of the crime, if clear in Arthur's mind, was certainly confused when detailed in his confession. His intention had been to drown Mendle, and possibly himself, by means of rushing the motor-cab down Shore Lane and off the Wharf. The idea was undoubtedly ingenious, and had not Mendle recognised Arthur, and remembered his former attempts against his life, the new scheme might have been successful. As it was, the appearance of Mendle in the crowd before the Piccadilly Theatre had upset the design. Arthur, then, had changed his mind, and would have driven off at once to Shore Lane with his victim, had not Harriet appeared. Why he should have consented to take her to the City was not clear, since all he had to do was to tell her that Mendle, whom she desired to see, was in the cab. Of course, Lady Cobbin had conjectured that Harriet, recognising Arthur, might have made an outcry, but on consideration there seemed to be no reason why she should. Harriet had no reason to suspect Arthur of intending to murder Mendle, and, until she entered the cab, had not known that he was in the vehicle. She believed that he was working as usual in the office, and told Arthur to drive there. The boy did so at once, and then got rid of her at Shore Lane by pretending a breakdown. This would certainly leave the coast clear for him to murder Mendle; but then a second hindrance appeared in the person of Sir Samuel. When he was got rid of, Arthur then found that his intended victim had taken the alarm and had escaped. So far, Lady Cobbin reasoned out the case, although she was by no means satisfied with her deductions. But then, as she said again to herself, it was impossible to follow the vagaries of a lunatic.

The question was: what had occurred when Embers left the place and when Arthur found that Mendle had vanished? The most natural thing for him to have done would have been to abandon the enterprise, since a visit to the office—where Mendle presumably had returned—would not induce him to enter the cab a second time with such a chauffeur. Possibly Arthur intended to leave the chance of murdering his guardian to another occasion, and meanwhile remained to meet Darton. But Darton had arrived at the appointed time—say, half-past eleven—only to find the cab gone. When next heard of, it was standing before the office in Cade Lane, with the dead man on the seat. Also, Cropsley, the policeman, had seen it travelling down Manners Street. Yet—and this was a point—the nearest way to the office was from Cheapside.

There was only one thing to be concluded from all this—that Parley had secretly left the office to kill Arthur. He would learn from Ellen about the meeting with Darton, and so knew that he would find Arthur at the top of Shore Lane with the cab. Possibly Parley went there wearing the scarf, and taking Arthur by surprise, had strangled him. But then arose the question—How had the cab been taken to the office? Parley could not drive a motor, but Sir Samuel could, so it would seem that Embers had returned again to Shore Lane, to speak with Arthur. There he had found him dead, and might or might not be aware that Parley was the assassin. Anxious to put the blame on Mendle, so as to secure his help to marry Belinda, the Baronet probably had driven the cab to Cade Lane, so that the murder might—literally—lie at Mendle's door.

But what was Paddy O'Toole doing all this time? According to Mrs. O'Toole, the boy had hung on behind the vehicle, and must have seen all that had taken place; since, when the cab arrived at Cade Lane, he had slipped under it for the sake of concealment. Naturally, he should have given the alarm, but, in place of doing so, he had remained concealed. Then again, he had shammed a loss of memory at the hospital with a cleverness quite beyond his years. Apparently he had been discovered by the assassin, and had been promised a large sum of money if he held his tongue. Parley could not promise him this, as he was not wealthy, unless—and here Lady Cobbin thought that she had found a clue—the five hundred pounds obtained from Darton was to be the price of Paddy's silence. It was all confusing and difficult to understand; but one thing was certain—only Paddy could reveal the truth. And Paddy was lost.

Finding that it was useless to try and solve the mystery with what evidence she had before her, Lady Cobbin went home, and strove to forget her business. She was now quite resigned to having Darton as a friend, although she privately considered that she would never be able to be free and frank with him after his marriage. Belinda was a somewhat difficult person to deal with, and inclined to jealousy. And, after all, it was only reasonable that she should have her handsome husband to herself. Lady Cobbin began to think that her experiment in platonic friendship would prove a failure. However, she loyally held to the bargain she had made with Darton, and resolved to do her best to throw light on the darkness. Perhaps, if she did so, Belinda might approve. And Lady Cobbin, looking into a mirror, acknowledged to herself, somewhat bitterly, that Belinda certainly had no reason to be jealous of so elderly and unattractive a woman.

However, these things could be postponed until the case was settled, so next day Milady—quite the business woman, after her excursion into the realms of romance—went to her office. She expected that Belinda or Darton would appear to renew the conversation of the previous day, and thresh out the subject even more thoroughly; but the lovers did not put in an appearance. Lady Cobbin therefore attended to other matters which had fallen behind, owing to her attention to the motor-cab mystery. At twelve o'clock she heard the ringing of the telephone and went to attend to it. To her surprise she heard Mendle speaking, and she was still more surprised when she learned why he had called her up.

"I want you to come to the office as soon as possible," he said, in the far-away voice of the instrument.

"What is the matter now?" asked Lady Cobbin.

"I have found Paddy O'Toole."

The inquiry-agent's heart beat wildly. It seemed almost too good to be true. "Where did you find him?" she inquired.

"Come round here and I'll tell you."

Lady Cobbin lost no time. She switched off the communication and went out at once. There was a hansom in Golden Square, but she wanted a motor-cab. In Regent Street she found one, and found also that the chauffeur was well acquainted with Sir Samuel Embers. That gentleman was a well-known character in town owing to his profligacy and his means of livelihood, so strange in a man of good birth. Lady Cobbin got on to the box seat, beside the chauffeur, and ordered him to drive to the City. She did this because he told her that Embers was ill.

"What is the matter?" asked Lady Cobbin, while the cab felt its way through the crowded traffic of Piccadilly Circus.

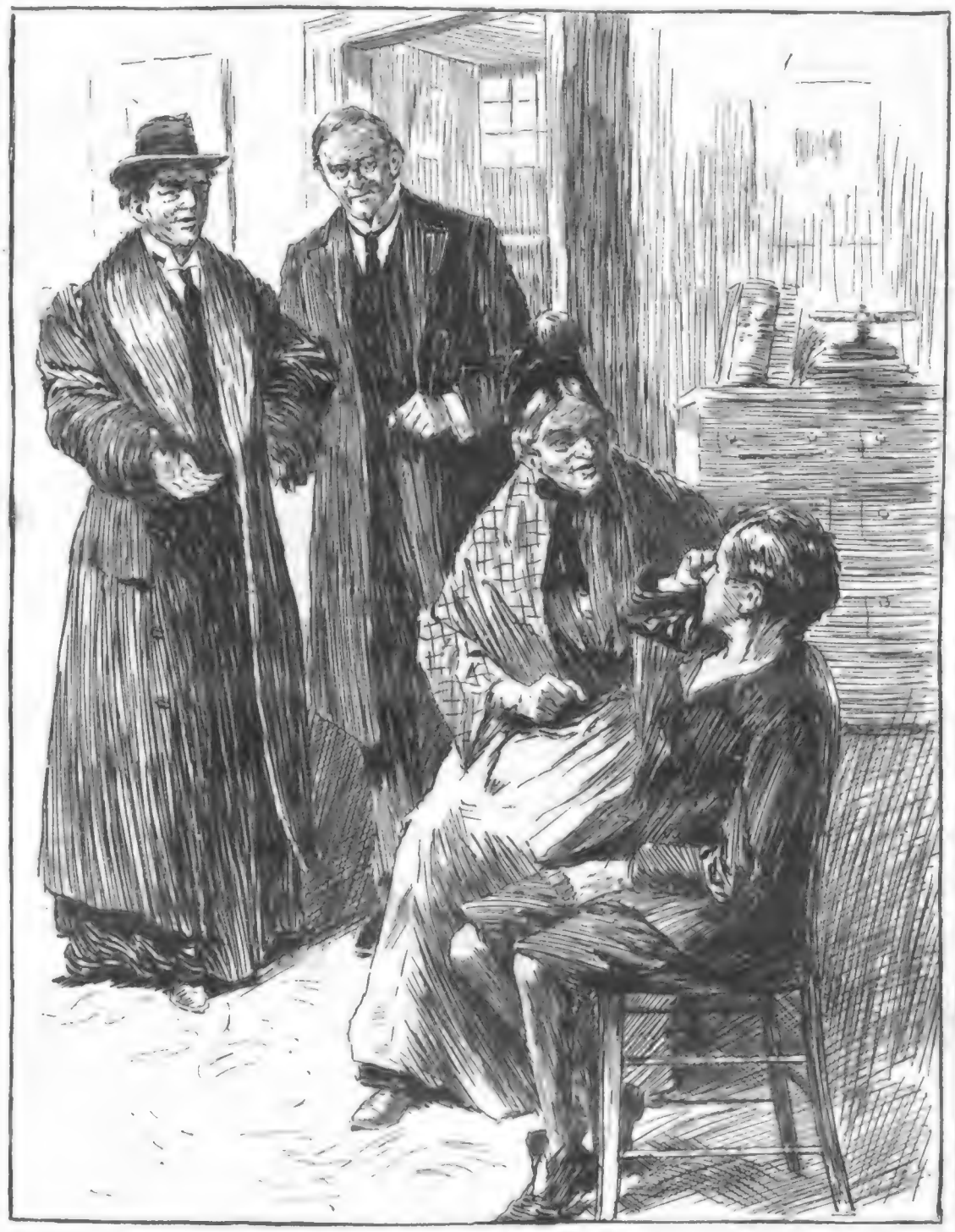
"Well, ma'am," said the chauffeur, who was a commonplace, common-speaking man. "Sir Sam," so he spoke of the baronet—"went down Whitechapel way last night, and got into a row."

Lady Cobbin immediately guessed that Sir Samuel had been hunting for Paddy. "What sort of a row?"

"I can't tell you that, ma'am," replied the driver, "but he's laid up to-day with a sprained ankle. A friend of his is driving the cab to-day, and it's on the stand at Trafalgar Square, as usual. I expect Sir Sam got drunk, and made trouble with the hooligans."

"H'm!" said Lady Cobbin, then added aloud, "after you leave me in Cade Lane, drive back to Trafalgar Square and tell the chauffeur to go home and see Sir Samuel. He is wanted at Mr. Lewis Mendle's office. He knows where it is. Here are ten shillings if you do this."

The chauffeur willingly promised to perform this commission, and gave his opinion of Sir Samuel freely as he drove to Cade Lane. It was not a very high one, and he painted Embers as a very dark horse indeed. Lady Cobbin said nothing, but gathered in everything, and by the time she was deposited at Mendle's office felt pretty sure that, if not guilty himself, Sir Samuel certainly knew who was. And who else could have murdered Arthur Gerson save



"Well, boy," said Lady Cobbin, bluffly, "and who murdered Mr. Gerson?" Paddy began to cry, and looked at his mother. She gave him a dig in the ribs. "Sir Samuel Embers murdered him, please," whimpered Paddy.

Robert Parley? However, as the sole chance of learning the truth lay in bringing the two men face to face with Paddy O'Toole, Lady Cobbin again impressed on the friendly chauffeur that Sir Samuel was to come to Cade Lane.

Robert Parley looked both anxious and haggard. His face was white, his usually smooth hair in disorder, and his eyes were like those of a man who had been up all the night. The two young clerks seemed inclined to make fun of the old man, and hinted jocularly that he had been "on the bust." Had they known the truth their fun might have dried up. Lady Cobbin, not wishing to startle Parley by showing that she knew too much, asked very quietly if Mr. Mendle was within, and was shown into the middle room, where clients usually waited. Parley told his master that the inquiry-agent was present, and then went back quietly to his work and to the gibes of his fellow-clerks. Presently Mendle, looking smaller and more wizen than ever, crept out, like a hermit crab emerging cautiously from his shell.

"Oh, how very dreadful all this is!" he said, squeezing Lady Cobbin's hand and looking more dismal than ever.

She snatched her hand away. "What is it?"

"I know the truth."

"At last. Well, and who murdered Arthur Gerson?"

"Come in here and learn."

He took her into the inner office, and there on two chairs sat Mrs. O'Toole and Paddy, side by side. The Irishwoman appeared aggressive, and the boy very much afraid. Also, he looked pale and thin after his recent illness. Lady Cobbin lost no time, as her curiosity was great.

"Well, boy," she said bluffly, "and who murdered Mr. Gerson?"

Paddy began to cry, and looked at his mother. She gave him a dig in the ribs which nearly knocked him off the chair, and scowled.

"Sir Samuel Embers murdered him, please," whimpered Paddy, and looked very much inclined to run away.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TRUTH.

"How do you know?" asked the inquiry agent.

At this question, Paddy whimpered again, and Mrs. O'Toole took upon herself to reply with marked anger. "Sure, and the boy's tellin' th' truth, me Lady. Didn't I say he was to hang behoind the cab, no less, and didn't he hang, the Saints bless him? And wasn't——"

"That is enough, Mrs. O'Toole!" snapped Lady Cobbin, whose temper by this time was none of the best. "I did not ask him if he spoke truly, but how he came to know what he calls the truth."

This time Mendle interposed. "Surely, Lady Cobbin, you don't doubt what Paddy tells you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I have heard so many accusations that I don't know which to believe."

"But this boy was an eye-witness," urged Mendle.

"Quite so, and I am asking him for evidence," said the other tartly. "Go on, Paddy. Tell me what you saw."

"I saw Sir Samuel Embers strangle Mr. Gerson at the top of Shore Lane, please," murmured Paddy, dropping his eyes before his questioner's very direct gaze.

"You were hidden behind the cab?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, go on. Explain exactly what occurred."

But Paddy's vocabulary was unequal to the task. Mrs. O'Toole would have spoken, but that the lawyer silenced her. "It will be better for me to explain," he said quietly, "and you can ask Paddy if my story is a true one. I shall only repeat what he told me."

Lady Cobbin produced her note-book. "Go on," she commanded curtly. Then the lawyer detailed what the boy had seen. It appeared that Paddy hung on behind the cab until he came to Shore Lane. When the vehicle stopped he dropped on the ground to ease the strain on his muscles. He confirmed the tale of Harriet Lane, and repeated how the lawyer had escaped from the off-side of the cab. Then came the critical point. Paddy — interpreted through Mendle—asserted that Embers and Arthur quarrelled over certain papers, which the first wanted, and which the latter refused to give up. Finally Embers sprang on his friend, when Arthur was kneeling to see what was wrong with the gear of the cab, and strangled him——"

"With what?" asked Lady Cobbin at this point.

Paddy replied for himself. "With a silk scarf which was round Mr. Gerson's throat."

"Oh!" she said coldly, "and what happened then?"

"Permit me," said Mendle, as the boy faltered again in his speech. "I can report what happened, as Paddy told me. Embers lifted Arthur into the driver's seat, and placed him before the steering-wheel. Then he crouched between his legs——"

"Sir Samuel couldn't do that," said Lady Cobbin, "he is too big."

"He managed to do so at all events, if Paddy is to be believed."

"If he is to be believed," repeated the inquiry agent calmly and significantly—"quite so."

Mendle was nettled. "I don't see what use it is for me to find the boy, if you won't believe him. He is an eye-witness, remember."

Lady Cobbin nodded. "Go on," she said to Paddy again, and again the lawyer spoke.

"Paddy suffers still from the wound in his head," he said, "and is not able to talk much."

Lady Cobbin looked at Mrs. O'Toole. "You hinted that Paddy had not lost his memory—that his pretended illness was a sham."

"No, me lady, I didn't," cried the Irishwoman indignantly. "Patrick was ill, sure enough, and is now like a kitten for weakness, poor boy. He didn't forget what he saw, but his tongue couldn't twist itsilf round the words. But he's tould Mr. Mendle here, and——"

"All right. Go on, Mr. Mendle. Tell me exactly how Sir Samuel drove the cab to the office."

"I am only repeating what Paddy told me," said Mendle, with a shrug; "he can corroborate what I say, since it is his own story. Embers, I understand, sat between the legs of the corpse on the edge of the seat, and wrapped the coat—the fur coat, mind you—round him."

"Oh, I understand that. The fur coat is a voluminous garment."

Mendle nodded. "Well, then, you can see how Embers, wrapped up in that way, was enabled to drive the cab, and yet make it appear as though only one person—perhaps a stout one—was on the box-seat."

"I see, and, of course, the night being dark and snowy, and the cab passing swiftly, Cropsley could not be sure if he saw two persons or one person on the seat."

"He could only see one," insisted the lawyer, "since Embers was so hidden by the fur-coat and his crouching attitude. However, be this as it may, he drove the cab to the door of this office and then, after sounding the horn, went away up Cade Lane in the direction of Cheapside. Paddy at once concealed himself under the cab, and waited to see what would happen. He heard all that took place between myself and the police, and then the moving of the cab stunned him."

"Why did he not give the alarm?"

"He was frightened of the police. I daresay if he had been found unhurt under the cab he could have been made to speak; but, as it was, the wound in his head confused him, and when he recovered his senses in the hospital he held his tongue."

"But you remembered all that had taken place?" said Lady Cobbin, turning quickly on the boy.

He started violently. "Yuss, Mum, I did, but I wanted to see Mammy afore saying anything. I was afraid."

"Afraid that you would not get money, I expect," said the inquiry agent contemptuously, and glanced at Mrs. O'Toole, who coloured. "Well, and why did you disappear from the hospital?"

"I took the boy away," said Mendle. "Yes, I instructed Mrs. O'Toole to call for him, and then they went into hiding at my request."

"Why?" asked Lady Cobbin sharply.

"Because Embers called on Mrs. O'Toole and offered her a large sum of money not to let Paddy speak. She came and told me, and, to thwart Embers I removed the boy out of his way. Last night Embers found out, through one of the boys at the Adelphi cellar, that Mrs. O'Toole and Paddy were hiding in Whitechapel, and came down. There was a row, and Embers was knocked down. I believe that he went home with a sprained ankle. Then Mrs. O'Toole told me of Embers' attempt, and I thought it best to ask her and Paddy here and send for you. That is the whole story."

"It seems reasonable enough," said Lady Cobbin pensively. But she had her own thoughts about the matter. "What is to be done now?"

"I suppose it will be best to send for Inspector Hake, and let the boy repeat the story to him," said Mendle.

"In that case you will not be able to prove that Dr. Darton is guilty, Mr. Mendle," she said meaningly.

"I have no wish to," he replied frankly. "I made a mistake in suspecting Dr. Darton, and I shall ask his pardon."

Lady Cobbin nodded. This seemed to be fair enough, as she had suspected the Doctor herself, so strong had been the circumstantial evidence against him. "And, of course," she added, "you will lose Belinda."

Mendle's pale face grew an angry crimson. "No," he declared, much annoyed. "She is engaged to me——"

"Because that was the only way in which she could prevent you having her lover arrested. But now that she knows Dr. Darton is safe, and innocent, she will undoubtedly go back to him."

"I don't believe that. Belinda gave me her promise."

"It was an extorted promise," said the other coolly, "and so is not binding. At least, she does not consider it to be so. I may as well tell you that Belinda and Dr. Darton came together yesterday, and have arranged to marry whenever it is possible."

Mendle turned livid with rage, and the look in his deep-set eyes was malignant in the extreme. "She has deceived me," he gasped.

"Any why not? You deceived her in the first instance."

"I did not. I really believed Darton to be guilty. You believed that yourself." He vociferated and stamped about the office, looking like the ugly troll of Norwegian folk-lore. "But I shall not lose her—I shan't. She must marry me."

(*To be continued.*)

Rev. L. E. Parsons, the well-known Illinois evangelist, writes me: "You sent me a Reading last spring, and it would take eight or ten pages to name over the predictions which you named that have been fulfilled. I was much impressed about what you told me about my inventions, and about Friday; in fact everything is most correct."

Dr. Murray, of Ironville, N.Y., writes: "It is now about four years since I became interested in Astrology and received my life Reading from you. I can now say that it is correct in every detail. You told me that I would soon receive a legacy from a distant relative—an elderly lady. It all happened, just as you predicted, and has ever since been a matter of complete wonderment to me, for this legacy was totally unexpected. What you told me about my marrying the second time is correct. I have Readings from Professor —— and Professor ——, but it is my candid opinion that you are far in advance of all the so-called astrologers who are trying to follow in your footsteps."

Fanny Nappler, of 135, W. 89th Street, New York City, says: "As time passes I am more than satisfied with my Reading, and I find that so far it has been absolutely correct and reliable. I only regret that I did not have it earlier, so that I might have escaped some dangers which you were wise enough to see and warn me against. Everything about that mysterious affair happened exactly as you stated. I shall certainly keep the Reading with me, so as to avoid mistakes, and to you belongs the credit of helping me onward and upward."

Mr. B. H. Robinson, of Claremont, Canada, writes: "In my horoscope you advised me to take a journey; that something would occur to my lasting benefit and happiness on account of same; it would mean a fortunate change. I acted upon your advice, passed my examinations, and am now in a position to earn from £16 to £20 a month."

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So many write me regretting that they did not seek my advice sooner, that again I say, write me **to-day.**

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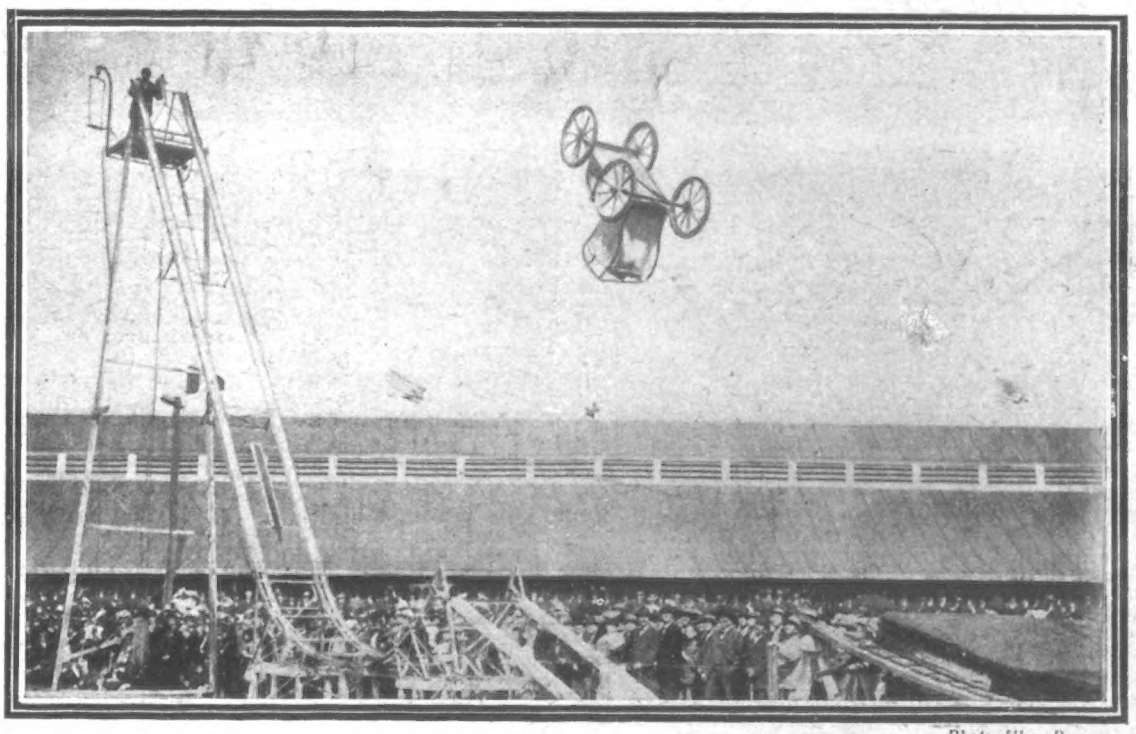

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THE DIP OF DEATH.

An extraordinary side-show at an American Fair. Despite the fact that many people have lost their lives at "Looping-the-Loop," "Circling-the-Circle," and other foolishly daring feats, men are found who will indulge in this still more dangerous "show." The car dashes down the rails, is flung up by the bend, turns a somersault, and lands, with luck, on a specially prepared platform.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

A NEW-shaped sequin coatee, eminently suitable for bridge evenings, has an elastic belt, and is made with full, loose sleeves to the elbow. There is also a charming V-shaped back effect and coat-tails scallopped into four pieces. Another very smart coatee is Empire-shaped, with puff elbow sleeves, the whole very daintily embroidered with sequins. Yet a third follows the style of the Russian blouse, and is made with pouched front, revers, and a basque. Lastly, there is a very pretty one, costing only 12s. 11d. in black, or 14s. 11d. in black and steel. This is in the pretty Paris shape, with short, loose-fitting bolero and cape-like sleeves. A sequin garniture is a capital idea for remodelling an evening dress, and can be obtained ready-made in a variety of becoming styles. A berthe with sequin fringe or sequin kimona bretelles are both suitable for the purpose.

Sequin Coats, Boleros, and Garnitures.

The wardrobe is not the only subject which the advent of autumn brings under discussion. To make our rooms cosy lace curtains need to be discarded in favour of ones of warmer material. Where the window is large and bow-shaped, a pair of lace curtains may be flanked by the winter ones. Bright, warm colours for "tie-ups," such as crimson and orange, are to be preferred now to art shades. Washing covers for occasional-tables can be replaced by those of cloth or velvet. Rugs may be brought out and laid in front of the fireplace, or the position of those in use may be changed. Thus, in summer, while a rug may find a place in front of the Chesterfield sofa or piano, in winter it may be laid across the hearth. Then the bedrooms need some attention, and each bed requires a supplement of warm blankets. Nothing is more miserable than to lie shivering in a cold bed, even if only for one night, unless it is the wretched alternative of piling one's clothes on top, in order to keep warm. Therefore, it is as well to equip each bed with a spare blanket betimes. If not required at the moment it can easily be folded across the foot of the bed, and there it is ready for an emergency. A screen, too, is a wise provision whenever possible. Portières, it is said, are out of date, but if no longer considered ornamental, they are still as useful as ever in keeping off the draught. Failing a portière, a screen is an acquisition in either bedroom or sitting-room. In the former case, it can be pulled round the head of the bed, and then no fear need be entertained of the open window, while in the drawing-room what is easier at tea-time than to draw the chairs round the fire and make a little oasis of cosy comfort hemmed in by a large folding-screen. It helps to economise in fuel, too, as it concentrates the heat to a smaller area.

Winter in the Home.

Scarlet is a useful colour for a child's frock, and makes a change from the ever-popular navy-blue. Little cotton overalls in this colour look extremely smart, with the yoke and cuffs outlined with a row of white feather-stitching. A small remnant of velvet or silk will provide a dainty yoke for a stuff dress and give it quite a dressy appearance. All small pieces of material are well worth saving where there are children to clothe, as odds and ends of stuff will go very far in providing a trimming to a tiny garment which, even in itself, does not require much. The frock of an older girl will often cut up into a skirt for a younger one, and if there is not sufficient for yoke and sleeves, these can be supplemented from some other source. A sateen yoke looks well covered with lace, if the sateen is chosen to correspond in colour with the rest of the frock.

Hints for Children's Wear.

Warm underwear has to be seriously considered at the moment. A Spencer in Shetland wool, with long sleeves, will be found both warm and comfortable, and may be obtained at three prices—1s. 11d., 2s. 11d., and 3s. 11d. Good stockings are very desirable during cold and wet weather, and a light make of cashmere, sold at 1s. 11d. per pair, can be safely recommended as a satisfactory purchase. They are soft to the feet, and wear well. Knitted jerseys are becoming increasingly popular. Some of the newest are made on severe lines, and come below the waist, after the fashion of a man's Norfolk coat. Such a one looks well in dark blue, worn with a dark blue skirt and neat hat, and suits the tailor-made girl to perfection. For her more picturesque sister, however, the blouse-shaped jersey, with full front and smart collar, strappings or corded trimmings in prettily contrasted colours, is to be preferred. A pretty white knitted jersey with cloth strappings is the Berkeley, while many other equally smart styles can be had at reasonable prices.

Woollen Wear.

Velvet and velveteen have quite established themselves as favourite winter materials: therefore, most readers will be interested to hear of a charming robe in chiffon-finished velveteen, which can be obtained unmade for 37s. 6d. The skirt is cut in the new nine-gore shape, and trimmed graduated stitched bands of self colour, while the bodice provides material to be made up in any style. It would look pretty with pleated kimono sleeves, and pleated front over a lace blouse, or lace yoke and undersleeves. A smart acquisition to this costume would be the "Incomparable" glacé silk petticoat, with a deep-gauged flounce and fan-shaped, pleated frill. This underskirt at 14s. 11d. is a veritable bargain. Useful chiffon underslips are now provided for wearing with lace or net dresses, and have an accordeon-pleated frill at foot which sets off the skirt nicely. They can be recommended for evening wear, or for mounting a wedding dress.

The Smart Woman.

TO MARRY THE RICHEST HEIRESS IN THE WORLD.

Count Laszio Szechenyi, the Hungarian Court Chamberlain, whose good looks and amiable manners have won Miss Gladys Vanderbilt's heart. Miss Vanderbilt, who owns £6,000,000, is the richest heiress in the world.

We have received samples of Hugon's Atora beef-suet, which is beef-suet refined by a special process which keeps it fresh and sweet for an almost indefinite time. Here is a recipe for a delicious marmalade pudding, in which Atora will be found to be far better than ordinary suet—Take ¾ lb. bread crumbs, 3 oz. Hugon's Atora, one egg, ½ lb. marmalade, 2 oz. flour. Shred the Atora; put it into a basin with the flour and bread crumbs; beat the egg; add it to the marmalade; pour to the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Put into a greased basin, cover with greased paper, and steam two hours.

Better than Butcher's Suet.

The careful woman will often decide that it comes cheaper to make up her sheets at home. A hem-stitch frilling in a wide width, say four or four-and-a-half inches, will be found admirable for trimming home-made bed-linen, such as sheets and pillow-slips. In a narrower width, the same frilling is very suitable for children's underclothing, and is far more durable than a lace finish.

To Trim Bed-Linen.

A good French dressing for salad is made with three tablespoonfuls of salad-oil, one of vinegar, one saltspoonful of salt, and half a saltspoon of pepper. Mix the two latter ingredients; pour over one tablespoonful of the oil. When well mixed pour in the remainder of the oil and vinegar. This quantity makes enough dressing for a salad destined for several persons. A quick and easy way to skin a betroot is to put it in cold water as soon as it is cooked. Draw the hand gently down each one and the skin will drop off immediately.

To Dress Salad.

The Childrens Corner

Old Juke's . . . . Geranium.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

OLD JUKE lived in a little white cottage near the station, and as the people passed to and fro from the trains they frequently stopped outside his pretty cottage to admire the geraniums in his window—such beautiful, radiant blossoms they were, quite the finest for miles around, and, of course, the old man was very proud of them. He was a dear old fellow, and everyone in the little village loved him.

One day, there spread through the neighbourhood a very exciting piece of news. There was going to be a Flower Show, and a prize of five pounds was offered for the finest geranium exhibited, and directly old Juke heard this he became very excited.

"Eh? What's that you tell me?" he said, peering over the tops of his spectacles. "Five pounds, eh? I must have a try for that," and with a pleased smile he trotted over to his little square window and gazed tenderly at his fine show of geraniums; and as he did so his heart filled with pride, for had he not tended and cared for them himself and watched them gradually spring from tiny buds to glowing, radiant blossoms? So the old man immediately made up his mind to have a try for the five-pound prize, and from that day he bestowed especial care and attention upon one tall, scarlet plant, which, he decided, should be sent to the show.

The time passed very quickly, till at last the night before the Flower Show arrived, and Old Juke stood before his cottage-window tenderly fingering the velvet smoothness of his precious geranium, which had been the admiration of the villagers for some time past, and the plant which had been, a little while ago, a pretty scarlet flower was now a tall, magnificent geranium, quite worthy, everyone agreed, of the five-pound prize; and, of course, the old man was highly delighted with his treasure, and felt almost certain that he would secure the prize at the forthcoming Show.

As he stood at the window in silent admiration of his prize, little wonderful tints of purple and gold came floating through the summer sky, and as the soft summer wind fanned him gently with its fragrant breath, he felt wonderfully proud and happy. Then he opened the little cottage window and went into his tiny, cosy kitchen to have a last smoke before going to bed.

Old Juke awoke early next morning, when the sun was smiling down from the smooth, blue skies and the small brown birds were trilling a gay little song to the

He stood at the window in silent admiration of his wonderful geranium.

brooklet. With eager steps he trotted carefully down the narrow cottage stairs and paused with a smile of delight when he reached the door of his cosy little parlour. Just beyond that door stood his treasure—his lovely scarlet geranium that would be the admiration of everyone to-day—his beautiful plant that would doubtless win for him the five-pound prize. As he thought these happy thoughts outside the door of the little room wherein reposed his treasure, his eyes lit up with happiness, and his old heart swelled with pride; then, softly turning the handle, he entered the little parlour, where the sunlight was streaming in through the blind. Eagerly he stepped over to the window, stretching out his hands towards the casement. Lower, lower, and lower they went, until—until—they touched—no! not the beautiful geranium, but the round green mat on which the plant had stood. His prize—his beloved geranium—was GONE! Someone had stolen his prize plant! For a moment he stood motionless, gazing in blank amazement at the empty casement; then a little breath of wind gently stirred the curtain, and he saw that his window had been left open all night. Ah! there it was in a nutshell—he had forgotten to close his window, and someone had stolen his scarlet geranium! Surely no one could be so cruel as to rob him of his treasure! But there before him was the little green mat on which his plant had rested. Gone—gone! And the poor old man sank into the big arm-chair overcome with grief and disappointment.

It was just half-past twelve, exactly half-an-hour since the Flower Show had started, and after all the care and attention he had bestowed upon his geranium it had been cruelly stolen from him. The people would never see his glowing scarlet blossom, the prize would go to someone else—and—and, Old Juke felt as though nothing in the world would ever make him the least bit happy again.

Just then there came a knock at his door, and he heard the sound of someone laughing and talking; and as the poor old man arose from his chair to open it, he felt quite sure that never again in his life would he laugh—but he did though!

"Oh, Mr. Juke, see what I've brought you! Everyone is so glad, and we've all come to tell you how everybody admired your geranium," and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl placed in the arms of Old Juke his prize geranium—his priceless treasure that he had thought never more to gaze upon. Of course, he simply gasped with amazement and joy, and a whole lot of other things, and hugged his geranium quite close to him, as though he would never, never let it go from his arms again.

Then there was an explanation, of course—and a very surprising one it was, too, for it seems that Old Juke had left his window open on the night before the Show, and that the happy, bright-faced girl, on seeing the beautiful geranium blowing in the wind, had carefully taken it home with her, so that she might take it to the Flower Show early the next morning, and had then gleefully returned to Old Juke with the joyful news that his plant had won the prize and was the delight of all the visitors.

It was all wonderfully happy, for very soon the tiny cottage was filled with visitors who had come to congratulate him on his good fortune.

"So you've won the prize, Mr. Juke, and we all wish you joy of your prize geranium," said a new-comer, as he placed in the old man's brown, wrinkled palm five round, glistening sovereigns that winked at him in a very friendly manner as he gazed at them delightedly out of his faded blue eyes; and it was a happy and cheery and altogether delightful that the old man heartily wished that there was a flower show every day. And when he went to sleep that night his dreams were a delicious mixture of twinkling sovereigns, scarlet geraniums and open windows, and even now when he meets anyone who has not heard of it, he delights in telling them the tale of his wonderful prize geranium.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

(*Continued from previous page.*)

Children's Garments.

When making children's garments, the importance of tucks cannot be too strongly emphasised. Tucks are common enough on frocks, and are regarded as an ornament even when not required for utility's sake, but they seldom figure on nightdresses or underclothing other than petticoats. This is quite a mistake. Nightdresses are quickly grown out of by little folk, and as it is essential that they should be long enough to tuck round the little feet to keep them warm, a few tucks which could be let down occasionally would be appreciated. Flannel and flannelette are very likely to shrink in the wash, and if not shrunk before making up ample allowance should be made for that probability when cutting out. When it is desired to make a child's outfit at home, it is a good plan to buy one of each garment and use it as a pattern. This will often be found a great aid, even when a paper pattern is employed.

The Pinafore Waist.

One of the latest novelties for wearing over blouses is the pinafore waist. A pretty example in velveteen can be bought for 3s. 11d. It is made with a square opening at the yoke, a pleated pouch front, two wide tucks down the front and back, and kimono effect over the sleeves. Worn over any light or flimsy blouse, it would successfully make it up-to-date and seasonable. The Hyacinth, price 4s. 11d., is a new pinafore-blouse of the same description, but of rather more elaborate design. It has three narrow shoulder-straps, and the straps are repeated across the front to form a square yoke. Besides these strappings, there is a broad V-shaped band of velvet, into which a box-pleated blouse-front is arranged. The over-sleeve is gathered to have a full cape-like effect, and ornamented with a band of strapping.

Marble Mantelpieces.

Marble mantelpieces often get discoloured and stained by smoke. One of the best methods of cleaning them is as follows. Apply Benjole to the stains, and carefully rub them off by means of a very clean, soft piece of rag. If the stains should not be removed at the first application, go over them again and again until they gradually disappear. This method does not injure the polish of the marble. White marble mantelpieces and ornaments should never be washed with soap and water, but if rubbed every day with a silk handkerchief or soft cloth, this will be found all that is required to keep them in good order. Grease spots may be removed from marble by applying a little magnesia finely powdered. It should be left on the spot for a few hours, then wiped off. When marble mantelpieces are cracked or broken, or otherwise unsightly, they may be covered with a drapery. A border of serge, art linen or plush may be cut to the size of the mantelpiece, allowing a margin of several inches to hang over in front and at either end. All depends as to whether a deep or narrow border is required. If a deep one, it may be artistically draped by a few pleats in the middle or at each side. If a narrow border is preferred, it may well be simply laid along the mantelpiece and left to hang quite plain.

To Clean White Shoes.

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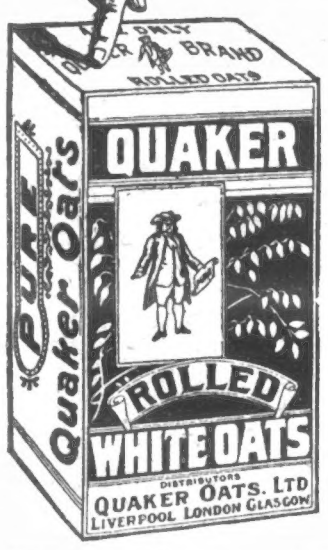

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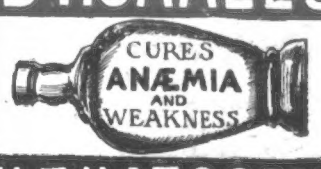

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